

He's No Use Now

AND OTHER POEMS.

MARGARETTA AYRES KARR.



Class PS3521
Book A54H4
Copyright No. 1915

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



He's No Use Now.

He's No Use Now

AND OTHER POEMS.

A Symphony of Song.

By
MARGARETTA AYRES KARR,
Author of
"The Heavenly Voice."

With Introduction by
BISHOP WILLIAM BURT, D. D., L. L. D.

With Illustrations by
HARRIET COLE HAIST.



Korydon Book Co., Publishers.
Buffalo, N. Y.
1915.

PS3521
.A54 H4
1915

Copyright 1915.
By
Margaretta Ayres Karr.



$1.50
OCT -5 1915
©CI.A410870
no. 1,

To Sister Ella.

A friend! To definition thine I bow;
As thine the kindliness of act and thought,
That from the heart unselfish is but wrought;
And thine the sympathy, that hath somehow
Laid 'way to rest the creases of the brow:
Aye, thine the play of feeling, that hath caught
The love with which thy heart was only fraught.
A friend! yea more than friend, a sister thou!
Nor such interpreter unknowing thee;
For satest thou as Mary at His feet,
To learn the lore of His divinity;
To let it be thy more than drink and meat:
A sister truly wast thou unto me,
As thou to Christ wast sister true and sweet.

INTRODUCTION.

Though not a poet I have a soul that responds to what is beautiful, true and spiritual.

I have read many of Miss Karr's poems with much personal pleasure and profit, such as the experience of a retired minister, "He's No Use Now"; touching appeals for social service, "Out Of A Job," "Newsie," "Adrift," and others.

"Nor Prayer, Nor Hymn" is a call for the pastor at the sick bed.

In all Miss Karr's poems there is a deep and fervent religious note, a passion for the Christ, hence a vivid portrayal of Him.

"Mother's Bible" is exceedingly beautiful. The ardent love for the departed mother is brought out in several poems.

"Inasmuch" is telling in its impressiveness.

Many interesting incidents have been put into verse, such as "The Pansies," "No Childhood;" and also many profound experiences such as "My Lord and I," "No Disappointment," "When He Came," "Alone." These, especially the ones referring to divine assistance in the hour of trouble and sorrow, will be a source of great comfort and help.

Many will use the "Poems of Prayer" because they beautifully express our common needs.

Poems of "Faith," of "Trust," and of "Love," like "Ever Happy," "At Last," "Light At Even," "He Knoweth Best," "The Nearest," and others will be of great consolation, inspiration and strength to many.

William Burt.

Contents.

POEMS OF INCIDENT:

*He's No Use Now..... 9
*Out of A Job..... 10
*Ye Did It Not To Me..... 10
*Nor Prayer Nor Hymn..... 11
*Come Back To Christ and Mother 12
*The Messiah 13
*The Harp Of Israel..... 14
The Trumpeter of Zion..... 15
In Resurrection Morn..... 16
*Mother's Bible 16
*Our Little Darlings..... 18
Inasmuch 19
God And Mother..... 20
*'Tis But A Dream..... 21
Immortality 22
*The Crown Of Thorns..... 23
To Mount Zion..... 24
*Tomorrow's The Crown..... 24
A Morning Prayer..... 25
The Lord's Care..... 26
Come Home My Child To Me..... 26
*The Welsh Revival..... 28
The Patience of God..... 29
Thy Father's Day..... 30
Heaven 31
*The Player 32
In A Dream..... 33
The Folded Hands..... 33
Flowers For The Altar..... 34
A Drift 35
Lacking 36
Life Eternal 36
Two Angels 37
In The Furnace..... 38
The Pansies 39
To A Song Bird..... 39
The Truth 40
*No Childhood 41
*The Cry Of The Children..... 42
*The Newsie 42
How My Mother Helped Me Pray. 43
*Somebody's Sister 44
*The Flower of Love..... 47
A Mother 45
*The Death Blow Of Love..... 45
*The Lusitania 46
*The Plaint Of The Sparrow..... 48
*My Country 49

POEMS OF EXPERIENCE:

So Nigh 53
Thou Nearer Art..... 53
More Than Mother Love..... 54
In Heavenly Places..... 55
Sweet The Thought..... 55
What Shall I Recall..... 56
The Mother Heart Of God..... 57
A Promise 58
*My Lord And I..... 59
Great The Love..... 60
*No Disappointment 60
Thy Promises 61
In Tribulation Joy..... 61
When He Came..... 62
Prayer 62
Accounted Worthy 63
More Than Day..... 64
Awaiting 64
In Pleasant Places..... 65
His Choice 66
Visitation 66
By His Grace..... 67
God Is My Strength..... 68
Why Art Thou Grieving So..... 69
Fear Not 69
Alone 70
A Dream 71
The Light 72
A-dying 72
The Light Of Love..... 73
Wanting 73
Touched 74
Crucified 74
*At His Feet..... 75
Not My Will..... 76
The Tenderest Love..... 77
*At Rest 77
Coming 78
What Is He To Me..... 78
*Thy Will 79
A Light 80
Who Nearer 80
Almost Home 81
Resting Now 81
When Wilt Thou Come..... 82
Unknown 83
The Present Lord..... 83
The Indwelling Word..... 84
"Peace Be Unto You"..... 84
All With Jesus..... 85
Waiting His Will..... 86
Sing To Me Softly Mother..... 86
*The Sheltering Arms..... 87

Note—Poems with star have been published.

CONTENTS—Continued.

POEMS OF PRAYER:

*At Anchor 91
Intercession 92
*The Sabbaths of God..... 93
Before All Else..... 92
Not My Will..... 93
*A Prayer 94
Be Merciful 95
The Prayer Of Thought..... 96
Quicken Me In Thy Truth..... 96
The Healing Hand..... 97
A Blessing 97
Open Thy Hand..... 98
Thy Little Child..... 99
The Only Life.....100
Listening 100
*Our Father 101
Entreat Me Not.....102
Come To My Heart.....102
Star Of The Eve.....104
The Heart Unselfish.....105
Break On My Heart.....105
Open Thy Word.....106
Communion 106
The Morn Of Faith.....107
*The Word 107
Overcoming 108
A Desire 109
A Heart Cry.....109
Some Thought 110
Wholly Thine 110
Be Merciful O God.....111
In Thy Shadow.....111

FIRST POEM:

*"The Royal Road".....115

POEM WITH VISION:

*Thoughts On Our Lord's Prayer..119

POEMS OF VISION:

As In A Dream.....123
The Heavenly Light.....124
The Vision 125
*Face To Face.....125
Tempering 126
Sealed Unto God.....127

SPIRITUAL POEMS:

This Is All.....131
His Fellowship 131
In His Holy Temple.....132
Bricks Without Straw.....133
Be Still 134
Keep And Seek.....135

POEMS OF FAITH:

By Faith 139
The Light Of His Smile.....139
*The Rest Of The Soul.....140
His Will 140
Walking With God.....141
His Highway 142
A Vision 144
At Last 144
*The Cross 145
Thy Day 145
After 146
Thy Light My Way.....146
Ever Happy 147
Going Home 148
Waiting On The Lord.....149
Light In Darkness.....149
Uplift 150
*The Day Of Peace.....151

POEMS OF TRUST:

Thou Knowest Lord.....155
Foreknowledge 155
What Wouldst Thou More.....156
Light At Even.....157
The Trusting Heart.....157
He Looketh Out For Me.....158
What Is Best.....158
Trust 159
He Knoweth Best.....160
Not Alone 161
Trust In Him.....161
It Shall Go Well.....162
The Lord 163
Content 163
Leave It All With Jesus.....163
He Is Coming..... 164

CONTENTS—Continued.

POEMS OF LOVE:

My Love 167
The Love Of My Heart.....167
His Redolent Love.....168
The Nearest 168
How Beautiful 169
Nowhere 169
My Lord 170

POEMS OF TRUTH:

At Last 173
A Thought 173
A Star 174
Life 175
*Compensation 175
A Dream Or Not.....196
Drifting 177
What I May Be.....178
Not Here 179

POEMS OF SCRIPTURE:

*His Word 183
*As I've Loved You.....183
Bear No Burden On My Day....184
"Flee As A Bird".....185
Never Forsaken 186
"Until The Day Shall Break".....186
"I Would Abide With Thee".....187
"Hope Thou In God".....188
"The Kingdom First".....188
Be Of Good Courage.....189
"The Lord Our Righteousness"....190
Unto The Hills.....190
My Peace 191
*Resting In God's Love.....191
Out Of The Depths.....192
Peace Be Still.....193
In Thy Hand.....193
"Nothing" 194
When I'm Afraid.....194
Thy Peace 195
Returning 196
His Promise 197
"Cast Thy Burden On The Lord"..198
"Thus Thou Saith".....199
His Reproach 200
A Weaned Child.....200
"The Lord Is My Shepherd".....201
Forgive—Forget 202
"Give Me Thy Heart".....202
Obedience 203
"Show Us The Father".....204
*The Quickening Touch.....205
The Transformation 206
*The Healing Touch.....211

POEMS OF EXHORTATION:

The Lost Soul.....217
*Happiness 218
Comfort 219
Awake 219
Ask, Seek, Knock.....220
The Lost Gift.....220
So Live 221
The Holy Cross.....222
Suffer To Be Strong.....223
If God Be Thy God.....223
The Father's House.....224
Waiting 225
What Are You Doing.....225
The Pentaocstal Blessing.....226
Look Up, Lift Up.....227
What Would Ye Do For Me.....228
"Cast All Your Care On Me"....228
*The Way 229
Have Ye Heard Of Him.....230
Bear Each Other's Burdens.....230
*To The Word.....231
Receive Ye Him.....231
Hold With Prayer.....232
The Crown 233
Come Away 234
Betrothal 234
Half Starved 235
The Prayer-List 235
*A Mother's Word.....236
*Where Are The Children.....237

POEMS OF CHRISTMAS:

*Christmas Chimes 241
*The Song Immortal.....241
The Gift Of Gifts.....242
*The Shepherd's Story.....243

LENTEN POEMS:

*How Much For Thee.....247
Behold Him 248
The Teaching Of The Cross.....247

CONTENTS—Continued.

POEMS OF EASTER:

*No Victory 253
*Risen 253
*The Stone Is Rolled Away.....254

MISSIONARY POEMS:

Caste 259
*China 260
*Finland 261
Constraining Love 261
The Ministry Of Hand.....263
*Oh The Pity Of It.....263
Contrasts 264
*The World For Christ.....265

POEMS OF COUNTRY:

*Our Martyred Dead.....269
*The Stars And Stripes.....269
Old Saint Paul's Chapel.....270

POEMS OF MEMORY:

Sonnets To Mother.....275
First Birthday In Heaven.....276
To Mother 276
Little Marjorie 277
Gertrude 278
Of Mrs. William H. Mason.....278
Our May—Miss May Laughlin....279
Of Mrs. Chauncy Bartholomew....280
Of Sister Ella.....281
Of Mrs. Blodgett.....281
Ready To Go—Mr. Isdell.....282
Home At Last.....283

POEMS OF INCIDENT.



"He haply thinks of days of yore."

He's No Use Now.

Dost see yon man adown the street,
Walking with slow, with weary feet,
His head bent o'er with ne'er a greet?
He's heard today somewhere, somehow:
"Put him aside—he's no use now."

He haply thinks of days of yore,
When Christ was more than earthly store,
When souls he garnered score by score;
Nor thought to hear somewhere, somehow:
"Put him aside—he's no use now."

He little recked the coming time,
When bells for him would ring no chime,
When life's descent would be all climb;
When he should hear somewhere, somehow:
"Put him aside—he's no use now."

His best of time, of talent all,
Was given to the Master's call;
He used it fully great or small,
Nor dreamed to hear somewhere, somehow:
"Put him aside—he's no use now."

When God shall call His servant hence,
To give him pounds for our small pence,
Will we have left a plea, defense?
If God shall say of us somehow:
"Put them aside—they're no use now."

Out Of A Job.

'Tis sleeting tonight and the wind is chill;
For it bloweth east and it bloweth ill:
And the hurrying throng of the busy street,
Hie to the home with hasting feet.

To the home of comfort, love and cheer;
To the nestlings sweet and the wifie dear;
The one with a job, with the place secure,
With his feet on footing safe and sure.

But what of the man who is knocked about;
Who is up against it, and down and out:
The homeless man of the city street,
Who seeks for shelter with wearying feet?

For such as he the park and street;
The ceaseless downpour of the sleet:
For bread the Bread Line's only cheer,
Throughout the long hours chill and drear.

When no more rest on the bench hath he,
For the kick and cuff—"Go 'long with ye."
Perforce he enters the only door,
Where for a drink he may sleep the more.

Help him with prayer, a place and cheer;
Show him by love you're a brother near;
Help him to stand where once he stood,
In Christ's one family of brotherhood.

"Ye Did It Not To Me."

Look at them crowding you front and fore;
Look at them round about your door:
The poor, the wretched, illy fed,
The hungry looking to you for bread;

Ye, who on dainties daily fare,
Ye, who the silken raiment wear.
In succoring such can you not see,
The succored would your savior be?

Think of them ye who do not think,
Ye, who from suffering selfishly shrink;
Think of the homeless of the street,
Shelterless from the storm and sleet:
Ye, who price souls below your gown,
Your flying wheels of country, town;
With you that day, how will it be?
When Christ,—"Ye did it not to me."

Nor Prayer Nor Hymn.

(Written on a Hospital Cot.)

Burning with fever and racked with pain,
On a hospital cot she lay;
The nurses ministered with soothing balm,
Throughout the weary day.

But she vainly looked for the mind's relief;
For the lifting up of the soul,
From the pain of body and disease of mind,
That obscured the heavenly goal.

Day after day with its weary hours,
And nights of restless pain,
Brought round at last the day of days,
Which surely would ease the strain.

She waited, waited the long day through,
For the man of God to appear;
But the sick and the dying heard no prayer,
Nor a hymn from the heavenly sphere.

O man of God! have you not a call
To this freshly fertile field?
Will not the souls ingathered here,
A bounteous harvest yield?

COME BACK TO CHRIST AND MOTHER.

The thought came, Oh that I might be inspired to write that which will win souls to Christ: and while reclining with a headache these lines came to me.

It's no use talking longer,
I can't go with you, boys;
I hear a soft voice stronger,
Than any earthly joys;
For me 'tis like no other,
Now I but hear it right:
"Come back to Christ and mother;
Come back, my boy, tonight."

I heard you once too often,
The night I went astray,
And took the drink to soften,
The cry of her dismay;
And now I no more smother,
I hear it but aright:
"Come back to Christ and mother;
Come back, my boy, tonight."

It broke her heart my straying,
So far away from God;
Amany years she's laying,
Beneath—beneath the sod;
That voice unlike another,
I hear it now aright:
"Come back to Christ and mother;
Come back, my boy, tonight."

Aye, surely I'm not dreaming,
She's with me as of yore;
Her face—her face is beaming,
With love all o'er and o'er;
As I now hear no other,
Than that which sets me right:
"Come back to Christ and mother;
Come back, my boy, tonight."

The Messiah.

In clearer vision of the night,
Sweet truth unveiled in all her light;
To force upon my thought anew,
What I would thus reveal to you.

The law and prophets point to Him,
Messiah, son of Elohim:
Despised, reject of men must be;
Of beauteous face no form to see.

The man of sorrows great with grief;
Smitten, afflict by unbelief.
Hiding our faces from His ruth,
We might nor see He is the truth.

Led as a lamb to slaughter, He,
As sheep 'fore shearers dumb would be.
Tho' we like sheep have gone astray,
Our sin on Him is taken way.

He bore it on the cruel cross,
That we might gain what was His loss:
The Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Hath Jesus died for you in vain?

If your Messiah be the Christ,
If He for sin was sacrificed,
You've naught to gain and all to lose,
If to accept Him ye refuse.

If your Messiah nor the Christ,
If He for sin nor sacrificed,
You've all to gain and naught to lose,
If ye no longer Christ refuse.

Salvation's in no other name;
Jesus the Christ shall all acclaim:
Accept Him you have naught to lose;
Aye gain if Him ye nor refuse.
Accept the Lamb for sinners slain;
You've naught to lose and all to gain.

Translated into Yiddish and German.

The Harp of Israel.

Mourners of Israel, rejoice!
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice!
Messiah's come we now confess;
Put on His robe of righteousness:
Awake, O Harp, tune every string,
Jesus of Nazareth is our king.

We crown Him newly in our heart;
In street, in counting-house, in mart;
The Son of Elohim is He,
The Christ who died on Calvary:
Awake, O Harp, tune every string,
Jesus of Nazareth is our king.

He's here to Israel now bless,
With peace, with joy, with happiness;
To give the garment new of praise,

To all who will His paen raise:
Awake, O Harp, tune every string,
Jesus of Nazareth is our king.

Awake, awake your sweetest lyre,
He is all Israel's one desire;
Jehovah's well beloved Son,
The Holy Spirit, three in one:
Awake, O Harp, tune every string,
Jesus of Nazareth is our king.

The Trumpeter of Zion.

Blow, Trumpeter, O loudly blow!
Messiah's come, let Israel know;
Know her deliverance is near,
The year of Jubilee is here.

Peal out in clarion tones the word:
Messiah's come, the Savior, Lord,
To set the slave, the bondman free,
To give to Israel, liberty.

To blind, the seeing of the sight;
To see that Jesus is the light:
To deaf, the hearing of the ear;
To hear the Gospel message, clear.

Come to your heritage, quick come;
I'm your abiding place, your home:
I, Jesus, your Messiah am;
For sin, the sacrificial lamb.

Poems of Incident.

In Resurrection Morn.

Before leaving the church one Sunday morning, I was presented to a devoted Christian, who on parting said, "If not here, we'll meet again in the resurrection morning," which occasioned the writing of this poem.

We met for but a moment, briefest span,
To interchange a thought the years outran,
In lifting to the One e'er present, nigh:
"We'll meet again in morning by and by."

Aye, when the mists shall all have cleared away,
When blue, the long, long night of gray for aye,
When see we face to face, and eye to eye,
"We'll meet again in morning by and by."

In temple builded not with earthly hand,
In an unknown but not a stranger land,
In home, in hallowed home of the most High,
"We'll meet again in morning by and by."

Mother's Bible.

I con its pages o'er and o'er,
Its interlinings, marks a score,
Of promises most potent, sweet,
In verses many of each sheet;
Albeit the gilding dull of age,
And yellow hued its every page,
No book more precious e'er may be,
Than mother's Bible is to me.

Its tear stained trace fresh stirs my heart,
The corresponding tear to start,
Of trials, troubles herein brought,
For comfort never vainly sought;



Author's Mother.

For help in sorest hour of need;
For love to crown the daily deed:
No book more precious e'er may be,
Than mother's Bible is to me.

Fore'er a sacred legacy;
A boon of love bequeathed to me,
A hallowed shrine I frequent oft,
To hear her voice so sweetly soft,
Aspeaking in the holy tome,
"This, this but leads you safely home;"
No book more precious e'er may be,
Than mother's Bible is to me.

I loved it as she loved it so,
I read it as she read to know,
Its verses learned as she well learned,
Nor more its counsels, warnings spurned;
Till now I love it for itself,
Its power to lift me out of self:
No book more precious e'er may be,
Than mother's Bible is to me.

A pillow for the nightly rest,
With balm to soothe the aching breast;
A pilot if the storm waves roll,
To tranquil haven of the soul;
A cord invisible to eye,
That draws me to the Lord most high:
No book more precious e'er may be,
Than mother's Bible is to me.

When comes the call to bid farewell,
To scenes of earth, to friends as well,
May parting word of mine prevail,
With all who would its truth assail;
Let this blest book be but less dear,
Than one you so respect, revere:
For none more precious e'er may be,
Than mother's Bible is to me.

Our Little Darlings.

Sister and I one twilight evening, were talking of the little darlings she had laid away to rest, and of the beautiful headstone to their memory in a far distant cemetery; and this being with me on retiring, I awoke with the lines of this poem.

We laid them on the softest breast,
A little while to sleep and rest;
From out our arms a little while,
To wake and meet God's loving smile:
Some day to newly fold and rock,
The little darlings of our flock.

But how we miss the sunny smile,
The look of love to us beguile;
The closer nestling to the heart,
At every sudden fear and start:
Some day we'll newly fold and rock,
The little darlings of our flock.

The patter of the tiny feet,
Whose music made our pulses beat;
The, "mamma," in the sweetest tone,
That claimed us for their very own:
Some day we'll newly fold and rock,
The little darlings of our flock.

Some day when God shall us await,
We'll see them at the golden gate,
More sweet more lovely than of yore,
To greet to part with them no more:
Some day to newly fold and rock,
The little darlings of our flock.

"Inasmuch."

To Mrs. Hattie Karr Chester.
This poem is dedicated to the sister, who will hear His, "Inasmuch:" for ministering to my need.

Ye found me weary, faint, alone,
Afar from home, from all my own;
Footsore for roughness of the road,
Fatigued with heaviness of load;
Such ministry ye gave of love,
Ye doubtless heard the One above:
"In doing to the least, I see,
Ye did it, child, as unto me."

Ye saw me hopeless, sole forlorn,
The days and nights of beauty shorn;
Heart-sick at trials, troubles, loss,
Bowed o'er beneath the weight of cross:
To me ye lent such kindly cheer,
Ye truly heard the word most dear:
"In doing to the least, I see,
Ye did it, child, as unto me."

Ye gave me water for my thirst,
A lift o'er all the places worst;
A friend in sorest of my need,
Ye were a friend in very deed;
Such light ye shed upon my way,
Ye surely heard our Saviour say:
"In doing to the least, I see,
Ye did it, child, as unto me."

When that great day of days shall fall,
When heard the angel's trumpet call,
To answer for the deeds done here,
You'll have no need to quake nor fear;
Such love your life to me hath shown,
You'll hear in sweetest of His tone:
"In doing to the least, I see,
Ye did it, child, as unto me."

God and Mother.

This Sunday was misty and damp and, unable to go to the house of God, I spent the day in reading the verses marked in mother's Bible; and the annotations in the hand that writes no more on earth. It was a beautiful day to my soul, and its commemoration is in these lines.

A day of quiet sweet repose,
As fragrant as the fresh blown rose,
Upon my spirit soft arose,
Unlike another:
Tho' on it shone no single ray,
Tho' blended nor the blue with gray,
It was the spending of the day,
With God and mother.

When oped I of all books, the book;
The one on which her eye did look,
When she for it all else forsook,
To find its comfort:
To read upon the turn of page,
In annotation dull of age,
What was to her whole heart the gage,
Without an effort.

To lift my spirit unto God,
In word of promise, prayer and laud,
Beloved of her beneath the sod,
Above all other:
To whisper to my lonely heart,
She, she with you had in it part:
And peace—and peace it did impart,
Of God and mother.

I turned anew to chapter, verse,
To what I was no more averse,
What did my spirit fresh immerse,
With life elixir:

The courage good for rest of way;
The rest of faith for fear's dismay;
The fear of God for feet astray;
For sin love's mixer.

It was—it was the sweet of way,
The melody of its sole lay;
The perfume of the rose of day;
Unlike another:
The intertwining of the two,
In leaf and page and chapter through,
In a revealing wholly new,
Of God and mother.

'Tis But a Dream.

I had been dreaming of mother who had left me for her eternal home, when I awoke with the thought and lines of this poem.

Now, now I see thee as of yore!
We hold sweet converse as before;
I fondly fold thee to my heart,
To never, never, from thee part:
I wake—alas! 'tis but a dream.

I hear the cadence of thy voice,
Which makes my heart anew rejoice;
I feel its tenderness of tone,
Which thrills my heart with love alone:
I wake—alas! 'tis but a dream.

Thou'rt saying, "Come, my dearest child,"
In gentle accents soft and mild,
"Come, tell me all about the way
You've pressed, since I was borne away:"
I wake—alas! 'tis but a dream.

Thy sympathetic heart so nigh,
I now unfold the sorrow, sigh;
Thou bid'st me weep upon thy breast,
Ah me! my heart hath found its rest:
I wake—alas! 'tis but a dream.

When I shall see thee face to face,
Brought hither by atoning grace,
As from a dream no more I'll wake,
No more such happiness forsake:
'Twill be the real in lieu of dream.

IMMORTALITY.

The thought of this poem, that immortality is the breath of God inbreathed into every human soul, came to me on awaking one Sunday morning. It was so unlike anything I had heard or read, I recognized it at once as from the Holy Spirit; which I embodied in these lines.

It came so softly, sweetly came,
Awaking from the dreams of night;
To answer to aclear my claim,
To waft my spirit into light;
To whisper o'er and o'er to me,
In all the jubilate of laud,
What, what is immortality?
What is it, but the breath of God.

Inbreathed in me with breath of life,
The essence of divinity;
The vital spark with which 'tis rife,
The fountain of its entity:
So life unending e'er shall be,
To never know the falling sod;
For whence comes immortality,
But from the very breath of God.

The Crown of Thorns.

Behold that jeering, hooting mob,
Gathering in Pilate's hall,
To smite, to mock, to crown with thorns,
Their sovereign Lord of all!

Behold Him crowned with sorrow's crown,
Our Savior, Prince and King!
Such love too deep for human gage,
To Him we tribute bring.

O dweller in life's lowly vale,
Tho' hard and poor thy lot,
With patience bear each thorn-tipped nail,
It is Thy crown of thorns!

O traveller on life's thorny road,
So thick with briers strewn,
He bore for thee the heavier load,
It is thy crown of thorns!

O mother heart so sore bereft,
Of all thy jewels here,
He'll heal the heart so deeply cleft,
It is thy crown of thorns!

O suffering saint, thy thorny crown,
Love-worn for His dear sake,
Will change to glory's one renown,
With halo o'er thy head!

To Mount Zion.

I awoke one Sunday morning with this text on my lips: "But ye are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels." It was unfamiliar to me and must have been suggested by the Holy Spirit. It is, therefore, embodied in this poem.

Thou'rt come to the mount, the mount on high,
The beautiful mount of the soul;
Thou hast left for aye the vale of the sigh,
To hear the hallelujahs but roll:
Thou art come, thou art come, O my soul!

Thou'rt come to the city, the city of God,
Whose builder and maker is He;
Where the song of love is the song of laud,
Where life is a minstrelsy:
Thou art come, thou art come, O my soul!

Thou'rt come to the company, the company of wings,
The radiant seraphic host;
Who whisper so softly such beauteous things,
As if thou wert one almost:
Thou art come, thou art come, O my soul!

Tomorrow's the Crown.

The cross was very heavy, and fainting was my spirit when these inspiring lines came.

Bear thy cross patiently,
Bear it as He,
Daily and cheerily,
Bore it for thee;
Take it up bravely,
Nor lay it down,
Think of it only,
Tomorrow's the crown.

Bear thy cross loyally,
Bear it as He,
In hunger, poverty,
Bore it for thee;
Take it up willingly,
Nor fuss nor frown,
Think of it only,
Tomorrow's the crown.

Bear thy cross lovingly,
Bear it as He,
In suffering, agony,
Bore it for thee;
Take it unflinchingly,
As thy renown,
Think of it only,
Tomorrow's the crown.

A Morning Prayer.

The first line of this morning prayer was on my lips as I awakened to the light of a Sunday morning, and the rest followed quickly in my thought.

Help me to be unworldly, Lord, as Thou,
That I may care as little for the how;
Keep me as free from every thought impure,
As Thou, my Lord, art wholly chaste and pure.

Grant me the faith Thou didst in fullness know,
That it on me the rest of soul bestow;
Give me the joy that bubbled in Thy heart,
That it to me the peace of mind impart.

Bestow the love that was Thy boundless store,
That I may know its benediction more;
Give acquiescence to the will divine,
That only makes the life like unto Thine.

This, this the morning prayer my heart doth raise,
That all my life may utter but Thy praise;
That I may glorify the Father too,
As Thou, my Lord, didst only live to do.

THE LORD'S CARE.

Anxious for the morrow and knowing not what a day might bring forth, the thought came, "The Lord hath care of all His own," which produced the quieting and soothing effect as herein narrated.

In softest whisper came the thought,
"The Lord hath care of all His own."
'Twas like the melody of tone,
Such quietness of mind it wrought.

But by His angel could be brought,
To make His love so sweetly known.
In softest whisper came the thought,
"The Lord hath care of all His own."

It came to me so unbesought,
In troublous hour so anxious grown,
I no more weary felt nor lone,
In listening to the truth it taught:
In softest whisper came the thought.

COME HOME, MY CHILD, TO ME.

I was affected to tears in reading of God's pleading with His people to return to Him, when they but merited punishment, and not forgiving love. It moved me to write these lines.

"My heart is yearning o'er you, child;
'Tis hungering long for you.
Why will ye stay in deserts wild,
And treat me as ye do?

Have I not e'er in every way,
A father tried to be?
Why will ye longer go astray?
Come home, my child, to me."

I heard this pleading, loving voice,
Away upon the wold;
With nothing left to me rejoice,
Who was in sin grown old.
I could no longer close my ear,
Nor more unyielding be;
I heard it far, I heard it near:
"Come home, my child, to me."

Its tone of love went to my heart,
And brought me to myself;
From sin I hastened to depart,
To lose the love of self:
To find in God a father love,
I never sought to see;
To love the voice, the voice thereof:
"Come home, my child, to me."

I found a joy I never knew,
In any path of sin;
The way of happiness but true,
A heaven of peace within.
'Twas in the greet of heart to heart,
The look of sympathy;
The love to me it did impart:
"Come home, my child, to me."

The Welsh Revival.

Written after hearing the account by one of the praying women. Dec. 8th, 1905.

Those women few thrice in the day,
Met in the church to stoutly pray,
For the enduement of the call,
That would with power crown one and all:
Week after week, night after night,
Until three weeks had passed to sight,
They tarried thus in waiting prayer,
Until He came in fullness there.

Straight turned the praying into praise;
And joy surprising did amaze,
Infilling each and all the same,
When He, the Holy Spirit came:
Enduing them with instant power,
To be evangels from that hour;
To go wherever He might call,
To speak to sinners one and all.

Came too the missioner by name,
The Evan Roberts of world fame,
Afire with all the Spirit's zeal,
To show the people all their weal;
To point them to the Lamb of God,
Who is of sinners but the laud:
To lead them to the heights of love,
That brought Christ down from heaven above.

He came with face in glory lit,
With all the radiant light in it;
In spirit humble, meek and mild,
Prostrating as a little child:

To preach he uttered nor a word,
But in the silence felt and heard,
He let the Holy Spirit lead,
That he for sinners wholly plead.

The children heard to be endued,
So nor by men could be withstood;
For as they gathered in the mart,
And spoke to sinners heart to heart,
The furtive tear and listening mien,
Bespoke the interest in the scene:
Thus came to pass the Scripture phrase,
"Of babes thou hast perfected praise."

They went those glad evangels all,
To highway, hedge, to cottage, hall;
At dawn, at noon, at close of day,
To tell the people of the way,
The Holy Spirit came to bless,
In loosing them from sin's distress:
That Welsh revival 'cross the sea,
Came new a Pentacost to be.

The Patience of God.

In reading of God's dealing with His ancient people, I was greatly impressed with His attribute of patience; and in recalling His dealing with my soul, I was still more impressed, which was the motif of these lines.

Had I ne'er read it in His book,
Ne'er known it so to laud,
I should have seen it in His look,
The patience of my God.

I should have seen it in my life,
So rich with mercies crowned;
Have felt it in the stir of strife,
That closed and hemmed me round.

I should have felt it in the love,
That daily bore with me;
Have heard it in the air above,
That breathes it constantly.

I should have heard it in the tone,
That speaketh in my heart:
"Come back, my child, come to thine own;
My grace I will impart."

So reading, knowing, seeing it,
In love so wholly shod,
I feel and hear to more admit,
The patience of my God.

THY FATHER'S DAY.

A Sunday awaking thought finds expression and emphasis in this poem.

I softly woke this beauteous morn,
With a more beauteous thought in mind;
A jewelled robe to rare adorn,
A sweet surprise of heart to find:
An angel whispering me to say,
"This, this thy heavenly Father's day."

To waft in thought my soul away,
From out its tenement of clay:
To see in vision of the light,
The passing of the weary night:
To list in melody of lay,
"This, this thy heavenly Father's day."

In holy fane at home to be,
To counsel and to say to me,
What I would never think to hear,
Unless I thus approach His ear:
I fain would hear it so for aye,
"This, this thy heavenly Father's day."

Heaven.

A thought of heaven came one morning, and then, how little I knew about it, and then, that heaven is Christ, and Christ is heaven, came to fill me with the beautiful thought, which was the inspiration of this poem.

What it is like, I know not what;
Beyond the fancy's ken,
Beyond the power of pen
To paint. It hath for me somewhat:
It hath the acme of desire;
The striking of the angel's lyre,
That puts my heart in instant tune,
With all its melody of rune.

It hath far more; it hath for me
The genesis of love,
And revelation of,
That is the spirit's entity:
And though I know the range below,
The heights and depths of love alone,
Its diapason full of tone,
It can, doth only know.

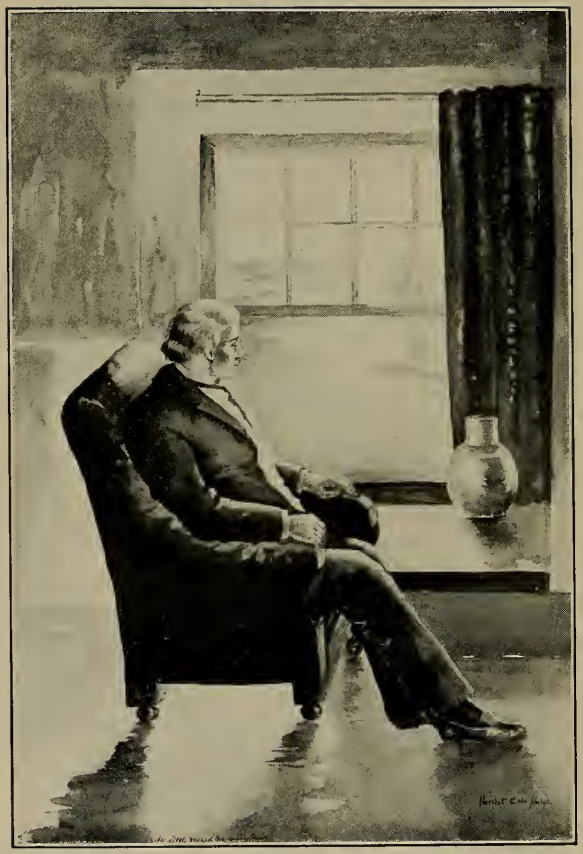
Still, still far more; for me far more,
It hath the soul's ideal,
In fullness all the real;
Of all divinity the lore;
The radiancy of light,
That knoweth nor a night:
Tho' I know not what heaven may be,
I know full well that heaven is He.

The Player.

Sitting one day in the chancel,
Rapt in devotional thought,
Mine ear was startled by hearing,
A theme most divinely wrought;
Wrought in the heart of the player,
Wrought by a touch unseen,
It vibrated on my heart-string,
Like the sweetness of joy serene.

It struck such a note of gladness,
Such a chord of wondrous tone,
I thought, Am I now in heaven,
Or here upon earth alone?
And when I looked for the player,
Playing with skill each part,
I saw 'twas my Lord and Master,
Striking the keys of my heart.

Striking the key of sadness,
The mournful minor tone;
Striking the key of gladness,
The major in full atone;
Blending them in the harmony,
The harmony of His love,
Attuned my heart to answer,
The playing from above.



"He little recked the coming time." See page 9.

In a Dream.

I had been conversing with mother in a dream about my approaching departure from the earth; that the call might come before I was ready, when she said, "Live as if He call today." This poem is its narration.

I hear a soft voice saying,
In this sweet dream of mine,
What keeps my heart from straying,
What lifts to the divine:
"When doubtful of the strength for way,
Live, live as if He call today."

List! list! this voice I'm hearing,
Ahearing in my dream,
Is one so fond endearing,
It is the one I deem;
The one who taught me first to pray:
"Live, live as if He call today."

Thou to thy child new coming,
Thus in the dream of night,
To help me in o'ercoming,
Fills me with heart delight;
So may I ever hear thee say:
"Live, live as if He call today."

The Folded Hands.

Two hearts akin in human aims,
In high ideals of youth,
Found life with all its counter claims,
A travesty of truth:
In rising from a low estate,
To mount the ladder's round,
The struggles and the hardships great,
In each a brother found.

Advanced midway in fullest life,
From following of their art,
They kept apart from worldly strife,
To paint the pure in heart:
They wrought it in a picture's breath,
With touch their art had taught;
But one was lifeless, cold as death,
The other life inwrought.

"Thou hast the genius I have not;
I but mistook my call:"
And folding o'er his hands at lot,
He gave it up for all.
"Perhaps the Lord some humbler work,
May still give me to do;
Although I but His portrait murk,
In picturing it as you."

"Stay, brother, as you are, but stay!
The folded hands for you,
Shall be the picture to convey,
Immortal life e'en too."
So doth this truthful story teach,
The humblest work for Him,
Shall be immortal in its reach,
If no base touch bedim.

FLOWERS FOR THE ALTAR.

In the mist of the twilight a lady came to my door to ask if I had any flowers for the altar. As it was an unusual request, I embodied the incident in this poem.

In the mist of the twilight gray,
In the tremulous dew of leaf,
In the freshness of flower and spray,
With the look of a sweet belief,

She softly came that stilly eve,
With a quest that knew no nay;
With a smile I would not grieve:
"Have you flowers for the altar pray?"

Have I flowers for the altar? Stay;
Were they sown in the smiling morn,
To bloom in the midst of the day?
Have I aught in the hour forlorn?
The flower of faith, the balm of love,
The true heartease, the sprig of grace,
To cull for the altar above?
Or naught but weeds to fill their place?

A Drift.

A newspaper account of one who had fallen by the way, and was picked up as a mere bit of driftwood, led me to write this poem.

A bit of drift, no more ye say,
A thing of scorn to throw away,
A sinner in a soiled array.

Nor worth a thought, nor worth a care,
Nor worth a breath of purer air,
Nor worth, nor worth a single prayer.

Too far, too far below ye deem,
For e'en a solitary gleam,
Of sunshine from your own bright beam.

Such may too far above you be,
In heights of love for you to see,
Tho' in the deep of poverty.

For such do drift into the sea,
By currents not yet known to thee:
The sea of love's divinity.

Lacking.

I was reading with all the world of a young lady who devoted heart and soul to the betterment of mankind; but who acknowledged not Christ as her Saviour and inspirer; and thinking of the pity of it, I wrote these lines.

"Yet lackest thou one thing. I know
Thou lovest what I only love,
Thou hatest what I hate; still so,
Thou canst not live the life above,
The life of my divinity,
Unless thou see the Christ in me.

"Thy life is beauteous to see,
In that sweet sacrifice of self,
That for a brother's need must be:
And though 'tis so in of itself,
Yet one thing lacking is in thee,
Thou seest not the Christ in me.

"Hath not thy love shown unto thee,
The love that is of all, the love
That gave to earth divinity,
Ensphering it like that above;
So thou ne'er need alacking be,
In seeing thus the Christ in me?"

Life Eternal.

Walk softly;
Step with reverent tread:
The house now holds the hallowed dead.

Hallowed in memory;
In love's endearing shrine,
The saying that is now divine.

Divine the deed,
That smoothed the pillow's fold,
When death lay lurking in its hold.

Aye, lowly plead,
That death may halo thee with life:
Life that with love is only rife.

Two Angels.

An angel waits just out the door,
She's knocking now, has knocked before;
And though I'm loth to see her face,
She gives me nor a moment's grace,
Until I sadly let her in,
To do the work she has within:
Why, why so slow to ope the door?
But angel she of sorrows sore.

She visits oft the lowly poor,
Till scarce her presence can endure;
She robs them of the jewel bright,
That is to eye the only light;
She drapes the windows all in gloom,
Whene'er she enters any room:
They may not hope to keep her out,
For waits she at the door without.

She every ill doth come to wake,
The tear to start, the heart to ache;
Her slightest touch is but a pain,
That waxes more to never wane;
Her glance but makes the spirit quake,
When every joy she comes to take:
What, what will keep her from the door,
The angel she of sorrows sore?

She but will leave the door for aye,
When one is waiting in the way,
To enter and to daily live,
The cup of water fresh to give;
The heart of sympathy to show,
With every brother's weight of woe:
The angel love who would not woo,
All sorrow's work to thus undo?

In the Furnace.

Tho' call He in the furnace,
To the closer walk with God;
To the fellowship of His suffering,
He but calleth where He trod.

Tho' its breath may blow upon you,
Tho' around you curl its flame,
It may not singe nor blacken,
If you're calling on His name.

He will put His arm beneath you,
And will pillow on His breast,
The heart adroop with suffering:
That ye may know His rest.

The peace that passeth knowledge,
The love that loves God's will;
The joy of the dear Presence,
That doth all suffering still.

Shrink nor, dear drooping spirit,
Look up, look up to God!
He waits with love's own longing,
To see you whiter shod.

The Pansies.

You've wafted heaven's breath to me,
In these sweet flowers I newly see;
In fragrance and in tint so rare,
Alike those grown in garden there;
In texture and in line of grace,
But seen in full in angel's face:
Heartease for every ill to be,
God's thought they truly are to me.

The light and dark of blended hue,
In velvet and in sunny blue;
The pencilled tracing of the line,
Like to a hair exceeding fine,
Remind me work of so much worth,
May not be wrought by those of earth:
Breathe they not then the thought so true,
God, God is wrought in all their hue?

To a Song Bird.

As I had been dreaming of my song bird, whose music filled me with delight, I awoke with these lines.

Com'st thou near or from afar?
Com'st thou from yon silvery star?
Glint of gold and down of wing,
Such a little fluffy thing!

Such a mite of melody!
Trilling into ecstasy
Of song, thy rapturous lays:
Tuning all my heart to praise.

Stay thy flight within its nest!
Plume thy wing upon its breast!
So thy message I may hear,
Message of such love and cheer,

Coming from thy heart of love,
Tuned to seraph's song above;
So I learn the sweet refrain,
Sing, O sing thy heavenly strain!

THE TRUTH.

I awoke one Sunday morning with the first line of this poem on my lips: So round, so hoar, so pure a thing. And though surprising me with its peculiar expression, the rest of the lines came quickly.

So round, so hoar, so pure a thing,
All glistening in the morning dew,
I stopped for but a moment, two,
To see what so was sparkling.

A-spreading as an angel's wing,
Here, here, yea there, and everywhere;
As falling flakes in snow-swirled air,
It lay o'er everything.

Crisp like the snow to firmly cling,
Tho' unlike it in starry form;
But round as any tiny corm,
And honey sweet to tasting.

So erst it nightly fell to bring,
Appeasement of the sorest need;
Incentive for the noblest deed,
And life, yea life e'erlasting.

From heaven it came, to heaven 'twill wing,
The soul that feeds upon its strength;
That daily doth renew its length,
For simply but the asking.

Help me, O Lord, to never fling,
Aside the truth Thy word doth hold,
For every creature in the fold,
And all from Thee astraying.

No Childhood.

Robbed of their childhood, robbed of their health;
Robbed of their innocence slowly by stealth;
Old in experience, tender in years,
Hope given way to the scourging of fears;
Lost in the maelstrom of spindle and loom,
In childhood's inheritance, no room.

Think of it, ye with nurslings to rear;
Playing about you tenderly dear:
Think of the little ones forced from the play,
Forced from the hope and sunshine of day,
Into the work of the nightly sage,
All for the sake of a pitiful wage.

Children of ten, of eight, and six year,
Working till mind and vision are sear;
Working till flesh is shrivelled and dry,
Till joy of the soul is burden and sigh:
What is the value of spindle and loom,
Of childhood's pleasures to knell the doom?

The Cry of the Children.

Hear ye with precious memories,
Of home and mother-care;
Of ready quick responses,
To every childish prayer;
The cry of those neglected,
Who hear no loving greet;
Who know but blows and curses:
The children of the street.

Hear ye with recollections,
Of happy summer days,
Spent in the fields and meadows,
Alearning nature's ways;
Of those who breathe no fragrance,
Of leaf or wayside flower;
Who in the dusty places,
Can know no healthful hour.

Hear ye so highly favored,
With heritage of care;
The cry of the forgotten,
The little children's prayer:
"Give, give us too the pleasure,
Of hill and meadow sweet;
That lose our feet the burning,
Of city's heated street."

The Newsie.

A paper, Mister? This my last.
Not oft I sell them out so fast.
I sold, too, for the other boy,
Who late his mother's only joy.



"A paper, Mister? This my last."

"What's happened him? Where's he?" you say.
Run o'er by auto yesterday.
Always talking how he'd advance,
If one would give him half a chance.

Schooling he wanted; chance to learn,
So more for mother might he earn.
We make so little doesn't pay,
To sell but papers all the day.

We newsies help each other out,
Tho' long or short may be the route;
I'm doing what he would for me,
If I were lying cold as he.

All we but want is half a chance,
To make our way in life, advance:
A start upon the ladder's round,
To lift our feet from off the ground.

How My Mother Helped Me Pray.

"Now I lay me!" she would say,
In her sweet endearing way,
"Now I lay me down to sleep!"
Shut your eyes and do not peep.
"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

And if—and if; she'd softly sigh,
As if it hurt her more to try;
"If I should die:" then she would press
Me closer with a heart-caress:
"If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Somebody's Sister.

Think of her purely, ye men of the street;
Give but the cheer of the friendly greet;
Pay the respect you would pay to a queen,
No matter how poor, how humble the mien.
She's earning a wage for mother, maybe,
Fighting the battles of life bravely.
Show her by act you are gentlemen true,
For somebody's sister she is to you.

Shield her from injury, insult and wrong,
Help her to turn life's tears into song.
Place no temptation of ill in her way;
Throw no cloud of shame over her fair day;
But help her to stand more finely erect,
Enthroned in her virtue—the lady elect.
Show her by act you are gentlemen true,
For somebody's sister, she is to you.

Give her the lift of the needed word,
What of her life you have truly heard:
Devotion to duty—uprightness of heart,
The womanly way she is playing her part;
The burdens brave shouldered, the sorrows upborne,
Day in and day out, from even to morn.
Show her by act you are gentlemen true,
For somebody's sister she is to you.

Somebody's sister, she's safe with you,
Held in respect in honor due;
High in esteem for qualities great,
Though shabby the dress and lowly the state.
The pathway made straighter for her tired feet,
In goings and comings along your street.
Shown by your act you are gentleman true,
For somebody's sister she is to you.

A Mother.

"What is a mother, mamma dear?"
A childish voice rang sweetly clear.
"When Willie-boy was sick all night,
The love that watched till morning light,
That smoothed the pillow, bathed his head,
That was a mother, child," she said.

"When Willie ran from school one day,
Leaving his books for outdoor play,
Taking the drink that led him wrong;
The love that for the right made strong,
That back to God him newly led,
That was a mother, child:" she said.

"When Willie crazed with drink one day,
Shot his companion in the fray,
And all the world turned him aside;
The love that kept right by his side,
That woke him newly from the dead,
That was a mother, child:" she said.

"A mother is the heart of love,
Let in the world from heaven above:
It can't be fathomed, measured, told,
Nor bought with either silver, gold,
If mother know its fountain-head,
You know the heart of God:" she said.

The Death Blow of Love.

Lay me low, sister, lay me low:
My heart is bleeding with this gaping wound;
And thou, thou wast nowhere of me then found,
Else I had not received this deathly blow.

We've journeyed hand in hand full many a year,
To strew Hope's bloom of faith along the way;
And when our sunlight brightened all the day,
To make men's hearts unto each other dear.

But when ambition's cloud o'erspread the sky,
And greed of gain shut fast the open door,
We might nor enter—thou and I e'ermore;
And, sister Peace, I'm here with thee to die.

Say not so, sister, say not so:
My cruse of oil shall heal thy bleeding wound;
And we in hearts and lives will more abound:
Hate hath not dealt thee yet thy heart's death
blow.

The Lusitania.

She sailed away that pleasant day,
With hearts as light as the winds of May;
With a lingering thought of the friends ashore,
They would see with returning days once more.

The winds were friendly and wafted them right,
The skies were kindly to smile their delight;
And the voyaging days now nearly o'er,
They would know the grace of a foreign shore.

They are sipping the tea and chatting now,
Of the pleasant days that had passed somehow;
When the boom, boom, boom of a gun is heard,
And the faces blanch and the hearts are stirred.

To the boats! to the boats! And the cry goes
'round,
'Mid the sickening sights and the deafening
sound,
As the timbers creak and crash and break,
Away in the dread torpedoe's wake.

Our ship so staunch must keep afloat,
Till she know the help of the rescue boat:
Is the thought of some as they stood aside,
While others for help to God but cried.

She is listing now and her bow in air,
Soon plunges them all in the waters there:
Some cling to the spar and keep afloat,
Till taken in by the passing boat.

While many go down to the grave unknown,
In the harvest of death so heartlessly sown:
But the righteous Judge of the sowers all,
To their accounting will justly call.

The Flower of Love.

Come into my garden, come in, I pray,
And cull for yourself the flowers so gay;
But lest you o'erlook the one most fair,
I'll tell you how it is blooming there.

The seed was tiny and slow to sprout,
And the weeds tried hard to choke it out;
But it grew and flourished with tenderest care,
To the loveliest bloom of earth and air.

A favoring breeze blew it softly there,
From the heavenly garden's flower most fair;
And a sweeter fragrance no flower will grow,
Than this beautiful flower you may come to know.

It sheds its perfume on all around,
So nowhere a fairer flower is found;
And the more you pluck it to give away,
The more it bloometh day by day.

Would you know the name of this flower so fair,
That on your heart you may ever wear?
'Tis the one most grown in the garden above,
The flower of all flowers, the flower of love.

The Plaint of the Sparrow.

Chirrup, chirrup, O birdie mine!
This wind is fierce and it bloweth long,
And it bloweth the heart right out of my song;
But we'll cuddle close down in our little nest,
Where we'll try to keep warm with our hearts abreast.

Chirrup, chirrup, O birdie mine!
Though we're far away from our island home;
And we had no thought to hither roam,
Where the winds are cold and the winters long,
And the snows freeze even the feet of the strong.

Chirrup, chirrup, O birdie mine!
Though the nights are long and slow the dawn,
Though we find no food with the spiders gone;
Some friend perhaps will throw us a crumb,
Ere our wings shall stiffen and our feet grow numb.

Chirrup, chirrup, O birdie mine!
Some day we'll fly when the winds are warm,
Where the kindly hearts will do us no harm;
For they put little houses in every tree,
To winter such poor little sparrows as we.

My Country.

Where the ensign of freedom, from shore unto shore,
Floats back to the breeze—I am free evermore;
Where the poor and downtrodden a refuge e'er see,
Is the land of my country, the home of the free.

For her speech is as free as the sweet-breathing air,
And her worship the right to voice any prayer;
And her thought is as broad as the wide rolling sea,
In the land of my country, the home of the free.

She was born in the hour of tyranny's might,
And her birthright is freedom, her dower is sight;
And great as her rivers that flow to the sea,
Is the land of my country, the home of the free.

For the stars and the stripes, her symbol of power,
Shall be ever unfurled for liberty's hour;
And the freedom of conscience her children e'er see,
In the land of my country, the home of the free.

POEMS OF EXPERIENCE

So Nigh.

So sweetly nigh art Thou, dear Lord,
So conscious to my inner ken,
I hear the angels soft amen,
To all Thou'rt saying word by word.

So nigh to bless, to cheer this day,
To raise my drooping spirit up;
If sitting down with Thee to sup,
I hear Thy voice give thanks and say,

"Faint not, my child, beside the way,
Nor ever more disheartened be;
Is not my mighty strength for thee,
To help, uphold thee in the fray?"

So oft Thou com'st thus dearly nigh,
To whisper o'er such word as this,
I may nor fear nor feel amiss,
If clouds obscure the sunny sky.

If they so bring Thee nigher, Lord,
Thine angel ministrants but they;
Who thus accompany Thee alway,
When Thou hast favors to accord.

Thou Nearer Art.

If trouble's near Thou nearer art,
To help me o'er the roughest way;
To courage give for all the day,
To closer keep me to Thy heart.

If sorrow's near Thou nearer art,
To fold me 'neath Thy wings of love;
As any nestling of the dove,
Close to the pulsing of Thy heart.

If danger's near Thou nearer art,
To interpose Thy shield between;
To let no forces of the seen,
Prevail to put us heart from heart.

If trial's near Thou nearer art,
To strengthen in the trying hour;
To give Thy grace free gift of dower,
To place Thy heart beneath my heart.

MORE THAN MOTHER LOVE.

"Come lean upon my breast, tonight,
Repose upon my heart;
I'll keep thee till the morn of light,
With love's divinest art.

"Thou'rt weary, worn and bruised mayhap,
Pierced through with many a thorn;
Come lay thy head upon my lap,
A balm for all the scorn.

"Thou too hast fathomed many a deep,
Been shipwrecked, left for dead;
Hast only oped thine eyes to weep,
To beat thy heart but bled.

"This heart in pulsing e'en for thee,
So feels thy sorrows sore,
It bears them for eternity,
So thou ne'er know'st them more."

So Thou dost comfort me, dear Lord,
In ways I hourly prove;
In deed, in truth, in every word,
With more than mother love.

In Heavenly Places.

How hast thou spent the day, my soul?
How reads this part of all the scroll?
In prayer and praise hast brought Him near,
To sit in heavenly places here?

Hast walked with Him in love this day,
To know the rest it brings alway?
In prayer of thought hast brought Him near,
To sit in heavenly places here?

Hast known the lift of faith to bless,
In easing off the sore distress?
In spread of wing hast brought Him near,
To sit in heavenly places here?

If so, how happy art thou now,
In having heaven here, I trow:
In knowing how hast brought Him near,
To sit in heavenly places here.

Sweet the Thought.

O sweet the thought to me this night!
So sweet it wraps me in delight;
As some angelic symphony,
Melodious in harmony:
Thou thinkest of Thy child aright;

Thou knowest all about the fight
With evil, and the hosts of might
That seek to draw away from Thee:
O sweet the thought!

As lookest Thou in sympathy
Entire; with helpful ministry
Of love and word to see the light,
That's inspiration for the right;
The light of all eternity:
O sweet the thought!

WHAT SHALL I RECALL.

Shall I recall it by and by,
The length of way, the rugged road,
The steep hill's climb, the heart-brake sigh,
The fainting spirit 'neath the load?
Or shall I but recall the Hand,
That helped me all along the way,
That lifted o'er the pebbly strand,
That brought me to the light of day?

Shall I recall the wanderings oft,
The slippings from the well known path,
The luring of the voices soft,
To disregard the day of wrath?
Or shall I but recall the voice,
That fell so sweetly on my ear:
"Return, my child, my heart rejoice;
But pardon, peace awaits you here?"

Shall I recall the trustless hour,
When trouble trailed with leaden weight,
When bruised, crushed beneath its power,
I deemed me but the sport of fate?
Or shall I more recall the grace,
That bid me look above the cloud,
To see the shining of His face,
So joyous spirit cried aloud?

Shall I recall the Christless time,
When self was all, and all was self,
When life knew not the heights sublime,
But levels low of paltry pelf?
Or shall I more recall the love,
That drew me from the depths below,
To safety on the rock above,
To perfect peace and rest bestow?

Methinks I shall forget it all,
If I but see His lovely face;
I'll only at His feet low fall,
To praise Him for His wondrous grace;
To wonder at the might of love,
That searched and sought me ever out,
To raise me to the heights above.
To love without a shadow's doubt.

The Mother Heart of God.

In Thee, O Lord, I've found the friend,
My heart hath wanted long;
For nothing, nothing may offend,
Thy mother heart of love.

Exhaustless as the shoreless sea,
I may not fathom it;
It floweth full and free for me,
Thy mother heart of love.

My thought Thou knowest ere in form,
My act can e'en foretell;
So I may never more inform,
Thy mother heart of love.

Thou so couldst ne'er misjudge Thy child,
If worsted in the fight;
So perfect, pure and undefiled,
Thy mother heart of love.

Anew I feel its soothing power,
In lulling me to rest;
My birthright, heritage and dower,
Thy mother heart of love.

A Promise.

"I will not fail thee nor forsake thee."

So oft this precious promise comes,
To hearten for the every need;
To strengthen for the daily deed:
It courage, power, and hope becomes.

'Tis Spirit-sent as Spirit-filled;
To fuse all fearings into faith;
To rest alone on what God saith:
On what his love for me hath willed.

My Lord and I.

We keep together day by day,
However rough the rugged way,
Or dense the clouds of darkest gray,
My Lord and I.

Companions for all time to grow,
We are the best of friends, and so
We're never lonely, no, oh, no!
My Lord and I.

We're worn and weary oftentimes,
And bruised our feet from frequent climbs,
But so we hear the heavenly chimes,
My Lord and I.

We share our sorrows many, sore,
Our sicknesses a score or more,
To lighten so the heavy store,
My Lord and I.

We share the crosses each must bear,
The cup of gall, the daily fare,
But then the crown we too will share,
My Lord and I.

The heritage our Father leaves,
Each half in half in full receives,
When He shall garner in the sheaves,
My Lord and I.

Great the Love.

O great the love beyond compare,
That so restores my natal air;
The air ethereal to me,
That solely is vitality;
The daily breath of healthful fare,
That frees the soul from every snare,
To mount it on the wings of prayer,
To an eternity with Thee:
 O great the love!

Else should I ever hopeless be,
The freedom from my sins to see;
Else so would perish in despair,
Unless an object of the care,
That issues from its entity:
 O great the love!

No Disappointment.

When all my wishes come to naught,
And crossed am I in every thought;
When see I not the upward way,
Thro' misting of the whole of day;
If hear I softly in my ear,
The still small voice asweetly clear,
"My child, my will is not wrought so:"
I no more disappointment know.

When hedged my way around about,
And faith is giving way to doubt;
And droops my spirit in dismay,
When I have lost the rest of way;

If feel I underneath the arm,
That shieldeth me from every harm;
To see His will is not wrought so,
I no more disappointment know.

So life is sweet along the way,
And every night is as the day;
And every ill is but a good,
If God be only understood;
For all His will is love indeed,
Aworking for my every need:
So when His will is not wrought so,
I no more disappointment know.

Thy Promises.

Thy promises, how rich they are,
 In comfort to my soul!
A-placing in my night a star,
 That is of faith, the goal.

That doth assure me they are kept,
 Unbroken as Thy love;
That nothing may, can intercept
 The messages thereof.

In Tribulation Joy.

She came to me arrayed in woe,
 In all the glooming of its pall;
She came too oft to fail to know,
 I did not care to have her call.

So drooped with sorrow all her mien,
 I could behold to only weep;
To think she joy had never seen,
 To know it only when asleep.

But when embraced she changed her hue,
To radiance surpassing light;
So I acquaint with her anew,
Do see in sorrow but delight.

When He Came.

He come to me when far away,
When faint upon the mountain lone;
When sick of heart, discouraged grown,
To make the night as bright as day.

He came when hope was well night lost,
In all the blackness of despair;
In all the hopelessness of prayer,
To succor me at any cost.

He came when friend was turned to foe,
When wrong was right, and right was wrong;
When life was worth not e'en a song,
To tune to joy the tone of woe.

Yea, He the light of life so came,
To fill me with the peace of cheer;
To so conform me to His sphere,
As with Himself to thrill my frame.

Prayer.

I know not how, or when, or where,
The spirit mounts the wings of air,
To hold communion with the Friend,
Who straight doth heart and ear extend.

I know it is the vital air,
The strength of heart, the daily fare;
To breathe in ear of the most High,
The aspiration and the sigh.

I know it is the food of thought,
The life elixir therein wrought;
That buoys heart and soul and mind,
To make of earth a heaven inclined.

I know it is the only life,
The spark divine with which 'tis rife;
That kindles to a holy flame,
In calling on its Maker's name.

Without it life would be a snare,
To lure to sin and soul despair;
But with it life is very God,
With peace of hallelujahs shod.

Accounted Worthy.

Accounted worthy am I, Lord,
To suffer shame for Thee;
The scorn, the scout, the sneer of word,
The suffering that must be?

The daily vexing of the way,
The thwarting of the will;
Accounted worthy am I, pray,
To suffer with Thee, still?

If so, I no more sorrow know,
For all, for all is joy;
The cross into the crown doth glow,
The life hath no annoy.

More Than Day.

I dreamed a dream so sweet, so fair,
'Twas like the breath of heaven's air,
A-stealing o'er the heart a-prayer.

'Twas of the dawning of a day,
That in the melody of lay,
Hath never setting of the ray.

That in the glowing of the morn,
Is as the breath of the new born,
As sweet as flower, as flower unshorn.

Alas! alas! 'twas but a dream;
Of fancies fond a flowing stream:
The waking—waking but the theme.

Soft, soft unveils unseeing mist:
I see a fairer, faith's love tryst,
The sweetest heaven hath ever kissed.

The one with setting of no ray.
With waning of no blue to gray;
The springing of the more than day.

Awaiting.

I am looking at thy sorrow,
 I am listening to thy grief;
For there comes to thee a morrow,
 That shall bring thee my relief.

I am noting every trial,
 Every trouble thou dost face;
For I have for each a phial,
 That doth wholly them efface.

I am waiting but the token,
That shall bring me straight to thee;
For the word of faith low spoken,
In the whisper heard of me.

In Pleasant Places.

Unto me in pleasant places,
Where the stillest waters lie;
Where the sweet, the angel faces,
Whisper softly, "He is by":
Are the lines now fallen, fallen.

Unto me in pleasant places,
Where His love is manifest;
Where revealed lie hidden graces,
I am more and more possessed,
Are the lines now fallen, fallen.

Unto me in pleasant places,
Where the days unnoted fly;
Where the night hath left no traces,
Of the conflict or the sigh:
Are the lines now fallen, fallen.

Unto me in pleasant places,
Where the air refreshes so;
Where from peak to peak retraces,
Light the valleys little know:
Are the lines now fallen, fallen.

Unto me in pleasant places,
Where the walk is word by word;
Where the thought in thoughted paces,
Measures out the heavenly chord:
Are the lines now fallen, fallen.

His Choice.

For the darkness of the night, I have chosen for a light,
The light of faith to lead the onward way:
To uphold the flaming torch in the thickest of the fight,
To gain for right the victory of the day.

For the darkness of despair, I have chosen with its glare,
The sun of shining hope to rise alway:
To shatter with his beam all the obstacles to prayer,
To open heaven's windows once for aye.

For the darkness of distrust, I have chosen for its trust,
The radiant star of love to point the path:
To pierce with all her power the thickest of its crust,
To shield, defend the soul in day of wrath.

Visitation.

Hath the feet grown all too weary,
With the treading of the way?
Is the day o'ercast and dreary,
For the clouding of the ray?
I, the Lord, will come to you.

Are the cares of life too many,
For the hour's quiet thought?
Hath the struggle for the penny,
Robbed the day of what it brought?
I, the Lord, will all rest you.

Hath the burdens been so weighing,
As to crush the body, soul?
Hath the troubles kept you saying,
Clouds and darkness but my dole?
I, the Lord, will hearten you.

Hath the sorrows left you lonely,
Sighing for the loved one's smile?
Heard the heart in moanings only,
And no more in love's sweet wile?
I, the Lord, will comfort you.

By His Grace.

Oh, the weight of sin that grieves me!
Oh, the falls and falls from grace!
Human strength but fails and leaves me,
When the hosts of evil face.

Oh, the sorrow that bereaves Thee!
Oh, the hidings of Thy face!
From the sin that sorely grieves Thee,
In Thy purchased child of grace.

Oh, the hope that slowly leaves me,
In the ups and downs of grace!
Hope that evermore deceives me,
Good may still the ill efface.

But the thought, God still believes me,
Trusts me to His way retrace,
Gives the strength that never leaves me,
That supports me by His grace.

God is My Strength.

Tho' e'er its portion, strength is God,
My heart and flesh oft faileth me,
When passing underneath the rod.

When fainting 'neath the earthy clod,
That presseth, oh, so heavily!
Tho' e'er its portion, strength is God.

If looking not above the sod,
To see its sole security,
When passing underneath the rod.

When struggling sore against each odd,
With strength that fails continually,
Tho' e'er its portion, strength is God.

For want of faith to honor laud,
The mighty love it may not see,
When passing underneath the rod.

With unbelief for being shod,
And all of sin's obscurity:
Tho' e'er its portion, strength is God,
When passing underneath the rod.

Why Art Thou Grieving So?

Why art thou grieving so, my soul?
What is the sad and secret dole,
That wearies all the tranquil night?
That shadows so the inner light,
Thou canst not see upon the scroll,
The way to reach the heavenly goal?
If thou mayst never, never stroll
Beyond His ever watchful sight,
 Why art thou grieving so?

Ah me! His spirit left me quite;
Although I wist it not, till in affright
I found the evil in control:
With peace shipwrecked upon the shoal.
If canst regain by seeking right,
 Why art thou grieving so?

Fear Not.

Fear, fear thou not, O trembling heart!
Nor be dismayed at every start;
Is not thy God alway with thee,
In loving helpful ministry?
To shield thee from the sudden dart,
To heal the fresh, the tender smart,
To courage, hope anew impart:
From all thy fears to set thee free?
 Fear, fear thou not.

Yea, He thy strength will surely be,
Thy sole defense, security;
To thee uphold in every part,
With His divine e'er skillful art,
His own right hand of sanctity:
 Fear, fear thou not.

ALONE.

Alone! not so, my heart, if Christ is here,
To comfort, soothe, to sympathize, to cheer;
To give you love for every broken cry:
Alone! ah no! if Christ be only nigh.

Alone! not so, my heart, if Christ doth call,
To bid you tell Him every trial, all;
So you may lose the burden of each sigh:
Alone! ah no! if Christ be only nigh.

Alone! not so, my heart, if Christ doth say,
"Come, tell me all about the weary way,
You've known or felt; I'll answer every why":
Alone, ah no! if Christ be only nigh.

Alone! not so, my heart, if Christ is love,
The emanation of the One above;
He'll e'en your wish, your slightest wish descry:
Alone, ah no! if Christ be only nigh.

Alone! not so, my heart, if Christ is true,
To His most solemn covenant with you;
Nor can you think His word He'll e'er deny:
Alone, ah no! if Christ be only nigh.

Alone! not so, my heart, if Christ is yours,
His peace, His joy, His love to you inures;
Nor would you know, nor want another by:
Alone! ah no! if Christ be only nigh.

A Dream.

I dreamed a dream that troubled me,
So oft it came, so oft the same;
Was its reality to be,
That thus it came, that thus it came?
Is it mere fantasy, or true,
The future so unveils to view?

Awhile I deemed it fantasy,
The vagaries of fancy, thought;
It ne'er might happen, come to me,
So heeded not the lesson taught:
Now know I more and more 'tis true,
The future so unveils to view.

The spiritual reveals the real,
Foreshadows what may come to pass;
Forewarns the soul to lowly kneel,
For guidance through the thick morass:
Thus more and more it is most true,
The future so unveils to view.

What so is veiled to outer ken,
To inner clear unfolds;
So we be better guarded, then,
The eye of faith alone beholds:
So heart of love but knows it true,
The future so unveils to view.

The Light.

I'm happy if I see the light;
The light that shineth in the night:
The light of life, the life of day,
That pointeth upward all the way;
Aye happy, happy in the thought,
God's purpose in my life is wrought.

His will enwrought in thought and word,
To magnify Him as my Lord;
To lift the cross so high to view,
The stricken soul may see it new;
To make His love so fully known,
The outcast may no more feel lone.

A-dying.

Bearing about am I,
 Am I bearing about in me,
The dying of the Lord most high:
 His dying to self-entity?

A-dying to the life of will,
 That struggles for supremacy:
That so it may the more fulfill,
 The perfect will in me?

A-dying so I wholly live,
 The life of His eternity:
That thus I may most fully give,
 A life for all humanity?

The Light of Love.

I feel, I feel within me,
 Uprising more and more,
What grieves the angels in me,
 What they lament, deplore:
What solely gives the eye for eye,
What puts the love of brother by;
When lo! I see the cross above,
To lose it in the light of love.

I see, I see upon it,
 A love so unlike mine,
My gaze transfixes on it,
 The human and divine:
For none had greater to forgive,
None suffered more for love to live;
So when I see the cross above,
I lose it in the light of love.

Wanting.

Tried in the balance and wanting,
 Wanting in every thing;
In love that is void of vaunting,
 That seeks no selfish thing:
Wanting in every trial,
 In what alone controls;
Wanting in self-denial,
 Wanting in love for souls.

Shall I wanting be in raiment,
 That clothes the naked soul?
Wanting, too, in the payment,
 That makes the sinner whole?

Put in Thyself with me, Lord,
And I shall tip the scale:
So shall I nor in Thy word,
Be wanting in detail.

Touched.

It touches to the quick, Lord,
Thy tender love to me;
The kind, forbearing, patient word,
The look of sympathy.

It breaks my heart to think, Lord,
How I have treated Thee;
Have disregarded oft the word,
Of helpful ministry.

I grieve Thee to the hurt, Lord,
By oft distrusting Thee;
When sayst Thou o'er and o'er in word,
Thou takest thought for me.

I merit at Thy hands, Lord,
But banishment from Thee;
But Thou dost use the pleading word,
"Return, my child, to me."

It wakens all my love, Lord,
Such mercy unto me;
No more I'll disbelieve the word,
That is Thine entity.

Crucified.

Have I, Thee crucified, dear Lord,
In any wise this day?
By unkind thought, or act, or word,
To grieve Thy heart away?

Have I, Thee crucified, dear Lord,
In doing not the good?
By the withholding of a word,
Let Thee be more withstood?

Have I, Thee crucified, dear Lord,
In yielding to distrust?
By murmur and complaint of word,
To hurt the lift of trust?

Have I, Thee crucified, dear Lord,
In doing not Thy will?
By want of love in life and word,
To show the heart of ill?

Have I, Thee crucified, dear Lord,
The Comforter to grieve?
By hearing not the truth of word,
He would have me receive?

Then by Thy love forgive me, Lord,
As Thou didst on the cross;
Those who did rail in deed and word,
To count Thy love but dross.

At His Feet.

When troublous hath my spirit grown,
And fainting from despair;
When more with thorns than roses strown,
The life of daily care;
I go a little while apart,
And sit low at His feet;
To feel the pulsing of His heart,
The sympathy so sweet.

To listen to the still strong word:
"Cast all thy care on me"
To hear what then is not unheard,
"For I do care for thee."
It is the stilling all to calm,
With word of untold power;
The ointing with the oil of balm,
That hallows all the hour.

NOT MY WILL.

Not my will, Lord, but Thine be done:
Can I now pray Thy prayer?
To let Thy will and mine be one,
Each time and everywhere?

But so I shall the victory win,
When fainting from despair:
But so to peace I'll enter in,
When worried with the care.

But so my cross I'll daily take,
To come and follow Thee:
But so with Thee I'll e'er partake,
What is in store for me.

Not my will, Lord, but Thine be done:
My prayer henceforth shall be:
Thy will and mine thus ever one,
I shall Thy glory see.

The Tenderest Love.

Wrapped in the arms of tenderest love,
 Shielded from ill by constant care,
Why should my life not be thereof,
 A benediction and a prayer?

Restraining me from every ill,
 Providing for my highest good,
Why should it not in me instil,
 A feeling of strong gratitude?

Foreseeing what I may not see,
 Withholding what is for my hurt,
Why should I not most happy be,
 Tho' helpless and of strength inert?

At Rest.

When my desire is not as His,
 He hedges all my way around;
And bears me in His arms of love,
 To plant my feet on firmer ground.

When one my will is not with His,
 He whispers softly in my ear:
"I see what you may not foresee,
 To keep you from the evil near."

When purpose mine is not as His,
 He brings me to a vista new;
So through it I may clearly see,
 The one His love but holds in view.

Thus may I rest in His will's way,
 That only worketh out in love:
Thus may I lean upon the arm,
 That leads me to the home above.

COMING.

Coming are they to the altar;
 Coming by the many score;
With the prayer and with the psalter,
 Singing hallelujahs more.

Coming with the heart's devotion,
 With the sacrifice thereof;
Coming with the faith's emotion,
 Thus to live the life of love.

Coming out from worldly pleasure,
 From the hatred and the strife;
His reproach above all measure,
 Thus esteeming more than life.

Come we too with consecration,
 Lay we on the altar all;
We who've felt His full salvation,
 We who've heard the Master's call.

What a sight for those in glory!
 What a theme for angels' praise!
Now to hear the olden story,
 In the anthem new we raise.

WHAT IS HE TO ME?

What is He to me? the Holy One,
 The sent of God, expression of the Trinity:
 A glad evangel is the Word in me,
A-glowing to the shining of the sun?

Aye, He's the light that lightens every shade,
The breath that breaths immortal life in me:
The anchor in the shoreless wave of sea,
The power all powerlessness to aid.

The Comforter if comfortless of cheer,
The sympathizer in the hour of ruth,
The inspiration of the Father's truth:
To me He's inexpressibly dear.

The close companion and the one true friend,
The Saviour of the soul from living death;
Revealing all of love the Father hath:
To me He's the beginning and the end.

Thy Will.

How sweet to me Thy will, O Lord!
How sweet it daily grows!
In perfume of the lily's breath,
In fragrance of the rose.

It opens up its chalice more,
As I inhale its breath:
So in its depths is life in full,
The only—What Thou saith.

It is the dew upon the leaf,
The pearl of purest thought;
That is so precious unto me:
The love that's in it wrought.

A Light.

A light is breaking o'er the lea,
With new awaking power;
Uncurling all the leaf of tree,
And bud of every flower:
To whisper to my drooping heart,
Bowed o'er with wind of care,
The sun ariseth to impart,
Anew the wings of air.

The soaring of the lark in glee,
In melody of heart;
Thro' darkest cloud the light to see,
To form of it a part:
Doth show me faith hath e'er a wing,
And but a lute of praise;
In darkest hour a hymn to sing,
And hallelujahs raise.

Who Nearer?

He holds so close I feel His heart,
A-pulsing for me in each part;
In touch, in sympathy and love,
With all that doth me slightest move:
Who nearer can be than this Friend,
His power and strength to ever lend?

To whisper but the word most dear;
The word of courage, hope and cheer;
To raise the drooping spirit up,
When drained to dregs the bitter cup:
Was ever friend more sweetly near,
When day was darkest, night was drear?

His voice can soothe the breaking cry,
When naught of earth can still its sigh;
His love can close the gaping wound,
When skill of touch is nowhere found:
Who, then, is nearer unto me,
In heaven or earth if 'tis not He?

Almost Home.

The light is breaking on the farther shore;
The daylight streameth and the night is o'er;
I hear the echo of the voices sweet;
The swift oncoming of the angel feet,
To bear me safely through the water's foam:
Almost home; I am almost home.

The years are slipping with a loosening grasp;
The cares of earth relinquish now their clasp;
I hear the creaking of the opening door;
Familiar voices I have loved of yore;
Saying, "Come hither, child, no longer roam":
Almost home; I am almost home.

The keel is grating hard upon the sand;
Soon, soon I shall be in the dear homeland;
In the Father's house prepared for me;
With my loving Savior fore'er to be;
I see the shining of minaret, dome:
Almost home; I am almost home.

Resting Now.

Resting, I am resting now;
In the forethought of the care,
That takes note of me somehow,

To the counting of the hair,
To the turn of every move:
Resting in His will of love.

Resting, I am resting now;
In the comfort of the care,
That takes thought of me somehow,
In the stress of heart-despair,
In the throe of suffering hour:
Resting in His will of power.

Resting, I am resting now;
In the sweetness of the care,
That takes hold of me somehow,
To the pulsing of the prayer,
To the lifting of the face:
Resting in His will of grace.

WHEN WILT THOU COME?

When wilt Thou comfort me, dear Lord?
When wilt Thou come to me,
That I may listen to the still sweet word,
So soothing in its calm serenity;
So hushed with love to quiet fear:
When wilt Thou come to me?

The coming of Thy feet is such delight,
I'm listening with the heart-throb now,
That scarce awaits the joy a sight
Of Thee enthrills. Come when or how
Thou wilt, so Thou but come, dear Lord:
My heart is answering to Thy word.

Unknown.

I had not know Thee, Lord;
The perfect sympathy;
The strong consoling word,
That soothed and strengthened me;
That brought me sweetly through:
Ne'er I a sorrow knew.

I had not seen Thee, Lord;
The Father's manifest
Of love in thought and word;
That brought me peace and rest,
To every thorn withdraw:
Ne'er I a trouble saw.

I had not sought Thee, Lord;
The heart that all is love;
That listens for my word,
When scarce my lips can move,
To either pray or plead:
Ne'er sought I for the need.

The Present Lord.

Thou'rt ever with me, Lord,
In strong consoling word
Of helpful ministry,
To help and hearten me.

To throw Thine arms the closer round,
If I'm inert and helpless bound,
By trials that I may not raise:
To loose my soul to lute of praise.

To press me to the pulsing heart,
That loveth me in every part;
To whisper o'er and o'er its word:
Thus e'er with me Thou art, dear Lord.

THE INDWELLING WORD.

No longer I, but Thou, dear Lord;
Thou, Thou henceforth in me:
My joy, my strength, my spring of life,
Throughout eternity,

Indwelt in me for aye and aye,
The true incarnate Word:
That molds and fashions me like Thee,
My living, loving Lord.

"PEACE BE UNTO YOU."

Chill droops the morn in pensile mist;
The sun hath nor as erstwhile kissed;
And sighs the wind in sad refrain,
He cometh not to thee again:

As in the spirit's gloom I wait,
For that footfall that cometh late:
That speaketh to my heart anew,
In salutation,—"Peace to you."

Tho' closed by grief the heart's one door,
So that I hear it not as yore;
The voice that stilleth all to calm,
With the anointing oil of balm;
Yet through shut door He cometh now,
As in the hush of heart I bow;
In the familiar tone to say,
The,—"Peace be unto you:"—this day.

And peace there was where erst was strife;
And where was death there but His life;
And where was gloom the spirit-sight,
That sees thro' dark the only light;
And where the cloud there evermore,
The shining of the heavenly shore:
For in the salutation new,
His benediction—"Peace to you."

All With Jesus.

I'll leave it all with Jesus:
All the roughness of the wave;
All the tossing of the billow,
From the water's lengthening nave:
For He is but the pi'ot,
That e'er knoweth all the way;
And He'll bring me into harbor,
At the setting of the day.

I'll leave it all with Jesus:
All the pitfalls of the deep;
All the rocks and shoals and shallows,
And the tempests that o'ersweep:
For He knoweth every islet,
Every headland of the way;
And He'll bring me into harbor,
At the setting of the day.

WAITING HIS WILL.

I am waiting in the morning,
That is hanging low with mist;
That is drear with dark forebodings,
That is nor with radiance kissed:
For the breaking of the sunlight,
Over hill and vale and lea;
For the brilliance of the morning,
Which His will reveals to me.

But 'tis sometimes weary waiting,
When the faith is flickering low;
When there seems no soon abating,
Of the storms that beat and blow:
But 'tis coming, surely coming,
Tho' I may but dimly see;
For behind the cloud 'tis shining,
What His will reveals to me.

SING TO ME SOFTLY, MOTHER.

Sing to me softly, mother,
Something so sweet and slow,
I shall but hear it, mother,
Tho' I am deaf with woe:
Something to soothe me, mother,
To ease the aching brain;
Just as you used to, mother,
To make me sleep again.

Sing to me softly, mother,
 Something you used to sing,
When laid I on you, mother,
 A little helpless thing:
For I am lonely, mother,
 With grief of all the years;
Just as you used to, mother,
 To quiet all my fears.

Sing to me softly, mother,
 Something from out your heart,
That feel I newly, mother,
 The love it doth impart:
For I am weary, mother,
 Wearied with all the night;
Just as you used to, mother,
To make me feel alright.

The Sheltering Arms.

Enfolded in the sheltering arms,
My soul hath fear of no alarms;
And pillowed on the loving breast,
My spirit knows His peace of rest.

Enwrapped within His constant care,
My heart no burden hath to bear;
And living daily in His light,
My life His vision hath of sight.

The sheltering arms enfolding me,
The clearer vision mine to see,
His daily care recipient of,
Reveal to me His heart of love.

POEMS OF PRAYER.

At Anchor.

Let me not from Thee ever stray away,
Lest I should faint beneath the sorrowed way;
Let me not range beyond Thy gentle voice,
Lest I should make the path of sin my choice.

Let me so love the workings of Thy will,
I shall in every trial keep but still;
Keep me so close to Thy great loving heart,
I shall be lost, forsook to from Thee part.

Let me so hear and heed Thy constant call,
I shall not hurt Thee by a sudden fall;
Let me so lean upon Thy mighty strength,
I shall not fail to make the goal at length.

Let me the lesson learn of perfect trust,
So I no more shall grieve Thee by distrust;
Let me to Thee each trouble so confide,
I shall in Thy great peace fore'er abide.

Let me Thy oneness with the Father know,
So all my life shall forth His glory show;
Inbreathe Thy love in every vital part,
So I shall feel Thy joyfulness of heart.

So all along the way with Thee beside,
But safety, peace and love shall me betide;
Come weal or woe, come calm or boistrous blow,
I shall in heavenly harbor anchor so.

Intercession.

Whir-whir, whir-whir, a winging one a-whir,
 Thro' battlement of cloud and air,
 Falls prostrate 'fore the throne of prayer;
With heart a-fluttering, thought a-softly stir;

A-sentient in the sweet of living word:
 "O Jesu, hear, pray hear my heart!
 Now, now I pray, Thy strength impart
To one, who else would thrice deny Thee, Lord."

"For such, I do the Father pray, alway;
 Nor shall one pluck them out my hand:
 My intercession e'er doth stand,
To keep the trusting heart each hour of day."

So answereth He the guardian angel's prayer;
 As such His work for aye and aye,
 To joy, delight His heart alway:
For He doth breathe but interceding air.

Before All Else.

Before all else give truth, O Lord,
As in the hidings of Thy Word;
Illume its scroll of power divine,
With light that all in Thee doth shine:
So shall the life e'ermore be heard,
In harmonies of key and chord;
In strings that voice the full accord,
Of orchestration such as Thine;
 Before all else.

E'en so as sweet as new pressed wine,
Its sorrowed keys shall be; in line
In lightest touch, as softly stirred
To melody, of earth unheard:
If heard within the inner shrine,
Before all else.

The Sabbaths of God.

Hallow Thy sabbaths in our heart;
Set them from other days apart,
By such close fellowship with Thee,
That they a sanctuary be.

A haven of rest from all unrest;
A drawing of the aching breast:
So they like the pure dove of peace,
From all our fears ensure release.

Hallow as Thou hast hallowed them;
In prayer and praise and sweet anthem:
And we shall know and keep thereof,
Since Thou hast given them in love.

Not My Will.

Clouds as thick darkness o'er me roll,
No rest have I, no peace of soul;
Vague fears possess of coming ill,
My fluttering heart is vainly still.

From fear and dread of the unknown,
It more and more hath troublous grown;
Forgetting Thee hath lost the peace,
That issues from the will's surcease.

That but is found in Thy will's way,
Which worketh out in love alway;
Tho' in the lining of the cloud,
That mantles as a sable shroud.

Not my will, Lord, but Thine be done,
So shall the victory be won,
That gives to stormy sea, the calm;
That breathes into the spirit, balm.

Not my will, Lord, but Thine be wrought;
So shall I have the peace long sought;
So shall I e'en be happy here,
Tho' clouds encompass, storms ensphere.

So shall I be at one with Thee,
Of life and love in harmony;
Of heart and mind in perfect rest,
As that which broods within Thy breast.

A Prayer.

The nearness to the Father give,
Thou in Thy life didst daily live,
 In thought and prayer:
That I may know the strength of power,
That kept Thee in the trying hour,
When storms did threaten, clouds did lower,
 Free from a care.

The unison of will bestow,
Thou with the Father didst but know,
 In every ruth:

So I may too submissive be,
And trust the Father's love to me,
For what I do or may not see,
 Of it forsooth.

The love of Father let me know,
Thou in Thy life didst wholly show,
 In deed and word:
That I may glorify Him, too,
In all I say or think, or do,
And live in such communion true,
 As Thou, my Lord.

Be Merciful.

Be merciful to me, O God,
For knowest Thou the way I trod;
The wrestlings oft with powers of ill;
The weary climbings up the hill,
When weighted o'er with earthy clod;
When underneath the chastening rod,
With heart bent lowly o'er the sod,
In strivings vain to love Thy will:
 Be merciful to me.

For all my trust is in Thee still;
That Thou to me will yet fulfill,
Tho' heavy 'gainst me seems the odd,
The good in every sorrow shod:
Yea, 'neath Thy wings I'll feel no chill:
 Be merciful to me.

The Prayer of Thought.

Hast thou prayed so oft, my soul,
In the weary watch of night,
In the dawn of morning light,
In the midst of day's onroll,
Thou hast learned the lesson taught,
To acquire the prayer of thought?

Hast thou prayed so hard, my soul,
In the wrestlings of the fight,
In the struggles for the right,
In the plans to reach the goal,
Thou hast learned the lesson wrought,
To acquire the prayer of thought?

Hast thou prayed so long, my soul,
In the day of evil's blight,
In the strain of trouble's might,
In the stress of sorrow's dole,
Thou hast learned the lesson sought,
To acquire the prayer of thought?

If thou prayest so, my soul,
Thou dost mount with wings of white,
To a sphere ethereal, bright;
Where thou seest on the scroll,
How to learn the lesson taught,
To acquire the prayer of thought.

Quicken Me in Thy Truth.

Quicken me in Thy truth, O Lord,
So act and word be in accord;
As Thine in unison entire;
In sweetness of the angel's lyre,

That strikes but symphonetic chord:
So 'gainst me Thou mayst ne'er record,
What in Thy Word is so abhorred;
The dissonance of thought, attire:
 Quicken me in Thy Truth.

So more and more I may aspire,
To sing with all the heavenly choir,
The song that evermore is heard,
Of those who live to do Thy word;
And all the time Thy will desire:
 Quicken me in Thy truth.

The Healing Hand.

Extend to me, Thy hand, O Lord,
 Thy healing hand to me;
Speak but Thy power in touch or word,
 And I shall healed be.

Or let me come so close, dear Lord,
 Thy virtue e'en for me,
As potent as Thy touch or word;
 And I shall healed be.

As Thou art whole, yea holy, Lord,
 And not unsound like me;
Put but Thyself in touch or word,
 And I shall healed be.

A Blessing.

Hast Thou a blessing, too, for me,
 A blessing for me, Lord?
My heart is crying so for Thee,
 I fain would hear Thy word.

The tender touch I fain would feel,
 Thou hast for such as me;
Let now o'er me a blessing steal,
 A blessing straight from Thee.

'Tis coming, Lord, I feel it now;
 'Tis coming while I pray:
So all my heart may only bow,
 In love and praise alway.

Open Thine Hand.

Open Thine hand, O Lord, to me;
 The hand that holds a world entire,
That metes in it eternity:
 And satisfied is my desire.

Open Thine ear, O Lord, I pray;
 The ear that hears the softest sigh,
That loseth naught of all I say:
 And wiped fore'er my weeping eye.

Open Thine eye, O Lord, to me;
 The eye that hath all in its ken,
That seeth what I may not see:
 And darkness is the light again.

Open Thine heart, O Lord, I pray;
 The heart that but is wholly love;
That understands what I would say:
 And earth—and earth is heaven above.

Open Thy mouth, O Lord, to me;
 The mouth that speaketh into life,
That naught may question its decree:
 And peace prevails where but was strife.

Thy Little Child.

I am Thy little child, O Lord!
So tender, young in wisdom's years;
So little thoughted in Thy Word,
So given o'er to doubts and fears:
Give me an understanding heart,
To quick discern 'twixt good and ill;
So take I not the downward start,
Of cold remorse, to cause the chill.

So feeble, too, Thy little child,
So apt to topple o'er alone;
So overcome by storms most mild;
In all Thou knowest little known:
Of Thy great strength give measure more,
To strengthen wish to do thy will;
Illumination in Thy lore,
To so Thy purpose all fulfill.

So headstrong, willful, too, I fear,
So wanting in submission, love;
More apt to give the chill than cheer,
Or joy as those but give above:
Give acquiescence such as Thine,
In all Thy Father's will and way;
The power to live the life divine,
In every moment of the day.

Thy little child I e'er shall be,
To need instruction in the truth;
New victories constantly to see,
O'er sin and wrong, o'er pain and ruth:
Thy little child to love, enfold,
To clasp more closely to Thy breast;
In arms of faith to firmly hold,
When doubt, distrust still cause unrest.

THE ONLY LIFE.

Thou art, O Lord, the only life;
The essence of its inner flow,
The natal force with which 'tis rife,
The only springing well I know.

The breath of God, the vital air,
To fill, expand the soul to full;
Thou, Lord, art only all its prayer,
Its sole, its finest graving tool.

To endless life the only germ,
The only sprouting of the seed;
Implant it, Lord, in me so firm,
'Twill be a growth in word and deed.

LISTENING.

I'm listening in the silence, Lord,
To all Thou sayst in thought of word;
In that inflection of the tone,
Which speaketh to my heart alone.

I'm listening in the hush of prayer,
Of turmoil, and of worldly care,
To all Thou wouldst to me reveal,
Of what Thou dost to me now feel.

I'm listening to the pulse of heart,
That beats for me in every part;
That only waiteth to make known,
The love that is its single tone.

I'm listening to the still small voice,
That gives to me the right of choice;
That putting 'fore me all the good,
Would leave the ill to be withstood.

I'm listening to the lulling tone,
That soothes me when my heart's a-moan;
That whispers courage in my ear,
When low depressed, divest of cheer.

I'm listening now with all my heart,
To what Thou wouldst to me impart,
Of counsel, aid for moment's need,
Of Thine own love for daily deed.

Yea, I am listening, listening now,
As 'fore Thee I a-lowly bow,
For the inbreathing of the love,
That makes my heart a heaven above.

Our Father.

Jehovah-jireh, great I Am,
Propitiate but by the lamb;
Known only by Thy name of Jah,
Impersonator of the law;
To Thee approach I know not how,
Wert Thou thro' Christ not Father now.

All loving, merciful and kind,
Unto Thy child but well inclined;
Correcting, but when for my good,
Hurt to e'er be misunderstood;
My heart in love doth straightway bow;
For Thou thro' Christ art Father now.

Providing, caring for my need,
A friend forsooth in very deed;
Forseeing what I may not see,
Thy will is exercised for me:
The Lord Thy God tho' truly Thou,
Thro' Christ Thou art our Father now.

Entreat Me Not.

Entreat me not to leave Thee, Lord,
Tho' all my life be in discord;
Tho' oft I fail to follow Thee,
To see the love outstretched to me:
To heed the mandates of Thy word;
Tho' sweet the promises if heard,
To still the heart by sorrow stirred,
With love's divinest ministry:
Entreat me not.

For where Thou dwellest I would be,
Thy light and love to ever see;
With Thee to be in close accord,
And not in dissonance of chord,
That hath no lilt of melody:
Entreat me not.

Come to My Heart.

Come to my heart, sweet Friend, as Thou
cam'st in the hour of birth;
Flooding it o'er with joy that knew no blight of
dearth:
Lifting it out of self to Thy diviner sphere,
Rapt in the conscious thought, Thou, Thou
alone art here.

Come to my heart, dear Friend, as Thou cam'st
in the tempting hour;
Breathing inspiring hope in Thy word of grace
and power:
Whispering it o'er and o'er, whispering it in
my ear,
"This way is the way of escape; look up,
look up, nor fear."

Come to my heart, tried Friend, as Thou cam'st
in the hour of gloom;
Blowing the clouds away to give the sunlight
room:
Showing the light of Thy smile in rifting of the
cloud,
To so reveal the silver lining of the shroud.

Come to my heart, blithe Friend, as Thou cam'st
in the hour of joy;
Filling it overfull with not the slightest cloy:
Sharing the bliss divine with poor mortality,
To raise it to the strain of immortality.

Come to my heart, loved Friend, as Thou cam'st
in the lonely hour;
Scattering the spirit's gloom with all Thy pres-
ence power:
Cheering the heart forlorn with the sight of Thy
sweet face,
To praises fill my lips at Thy o'erwhelming grace.

Come to my heart, great Friend, as Thou cam'st
in the hour of greet;
Blessing it o'er and o'er with the bliss of meet-
ing sweet:

Swelling to rapture the chords with e'en the
sound of Thy voice,
To know henceforth the way to evermore rejoice.

Come to my heart, blest Friend, as Thou cam'st
in the hour of love;
Shutting it into Thee, to the higher life above:
Changing its somber hue to Thy translucent blue,
To full unveil Thy charming self to nearer view.

Come to my heart, close Friend, come how or
when Thou wilt;
So Thou but come to cleanse it wholly of its
guilt:
So thou but love, delight to here abide alway,
So shall the sorrowed night be ever as the day.

STAR OF THE EVE.

Star of the eve, rise in my night!
Irradiate thy beams of light,
As softly o'er the spirit's pall,
As o'er the silvery night's first fall:
So shall my soul be girt with might,
To choose in preference but the right;
So shall the day's sweet close be bright,
To dissipate the night's long thrall,
Star of the eve.

Arise, O Star! arise in all
Thy radiancy, to light the small,
Dark spots of sin that mildew, blight
The life to shut it from Thy sight:
In all hearts shine in cottage, hall,
Star of the eve!

The Heart Unselfish.

A heart unselfish give me, Lord;
The heart to feel a brother's need:
So I no more in thought or word,
Offend Thee by the hurtful deed.

Thou hast no selfish thought for me,
For love is pulsing all Thy heart;
When I but merit naught from Thee,
Nor thought, nor word, nor any part.

So I no more may selfish be,
Let me now see Thee as Thou art:
Of love the whole incarnity;
Of self the non-existent part.

Break On My Heart.

Break on my stony heart, O break,
In tidal power of love!
And I shall straightway all forsake,
To follow Thee thereof.

The pulsing of the heart to heart,
Let me now only feel:
And I shall all to Thee impart,
And naught from Thee conceal.

The stronger current of Thy will,
Let it flow into mine:
And I its purpose shall fulfill,
In life like unto Thine.

Break on my troublous spirit, break,
The stillness of Thy power:
And Thine own peace shall it partake,
In hour, in self-same hour.

Open Thy Word.

Open to me Thy Word, O Lord,
Its treasure store of love:
In thread of gold and silken cord,
That links me to the life above.

Open to me its hidden lore,
Of wisdom's wondrous light:
That in its one unfailing store,
I nor the darkness know of night.

Open to me the sight of Thee,
Its every word conceals:
In the calyces of beauty,
That heart to heart alone reveals.

Communion.

Commune with me along the way,
Reveal Thy heart unto my heart:
And dawneth no more roseal day,
Than that Thy presence will impart.

Inbreathe the breath of faith in me,
That is to life its virile power:
And in the rest I'll fully see,
There's no such passing of the hour.

Unite my will so close to Thine,
It shall henceforth be only one:
And life will be no more divine,
Than when for me 'tis heaven begun.

The Morn of Faith.

Awake my vision, Lord, awake!
So night may disappear:
Let on my troublous spirit break,
The morn of faith so clear.

The morn of faith, the only dawn,
Of a more glorious day:
So doubt, distrust may straight begone,
To no more cloud the way.

The morn with springing of no cloud,
With darkness of no night:
And ne'er my spirit shall enshroud,
To mist its roseal light.

The morn that to the day doth dawn,
In halo of its light:
That hath in Thee but fully shone,
And Thine is my delight.

The Word.

Increase my thirst for Thee, O Lord,
Increase it more and more:
So at the fountain of Thy Word,
I'll drink for evermore.

Let me so feel the hunger-pain,
The yearning for its food,
The need of it will never wane;
Nor will it be withstood.

Let it be nigh in mouth and heart,
My one unfailing store:
So life and strength it may impart,
Aye, life eternal more.

Awake my vision, Lord, to see,
The riches of its grace:
So nothing in the world for me,
Shall e'er its taste efface.

Awake mine ear to hear the truth,
Its message hath for me:
So I in every trial, ruth,
Its ministry shall see.

Increase my little love, O Lord,
Until it hungers more:
So shall I only eat the Word,
That is the Father's store.

Overcoming.

Help me in overcoming, Lord,
The sin so grievous unto Thee:
The lack of trust in Thy true word,
When I the way no longer see.

Help me in overcoming, Lord,
The self that veils the sight of Thee;
That hears nor heeds the spoken Word,
"Leave all, my child, to follow me."

Help me in overcoming, Lord,
The self that sees no brother's need;
That disregards the given Word,
"Love but thy neighbor as thy seed."

Help me in overcoming, Lord,
So I may know no self like Thee:
Thus shall I hear the Spirit's Word,
The Father's daily thought to me.

A Desire.

Recall my thought from earthly things,
The worry and the care;
And let my soul take to it wings,
To mount the heights of prayer.

So I shall see Thee face to face,
And feel Thee heart to heart;
Turn unto me the lights of grace,
And from Thee I'll nor part.

Implant Thy heart of love, O Lord,
That it may root this hour:
And all my life in deed and word,
Shall blossom into flower.

A Heart Cry.

Heart of infinite pity, hear,
And take compassion on my fear.
Heart of infinite love, behold,
And clasp me in Thy tender fold.
My heart is weary, worn of cheer,
I fain would feel Thee sweetly near:
Come now, dear Lord, come to me now;
And mother me as Thou know'st how.

My strength is waning with the day;
My feet are faltering by the way;
I fain would feel the tender tone,
Thou only hast for all Thine own.
I fain would hear the loving voice,
That makes my heart anew rejoice:
Come now, dear Lord, come to me now;
And mother me as Thou know'st how.

I'm restless with the world's unrest;
Let me repose upon Thy breast.
I'm feverish with the thought's increase;
Compose my spirit with Thy peace.
Thy voice hath such a soothing tone,
I want but Thee and Thee alone:
Come now, dear Lord, come to me now;
And mother me as Thou know'st how.

Some Thought.

Some thought of Thee, give me, O Lord,
Some fresh created thought:
Some vision new of Thy great love,
And what to me it brought.

A clearer concept of the will,
That caused Thee agony:
A revelation of the love,
That brought conformity.

Thus shall I too submissive be,
To all the Father's will:
Thus shall its love henceforth in me,
Thy wondrous peace instil.

Wholly Thine.

Keep, keep my heart from straying,
Fill it with love to Thee:
Let it with no delaying,
Be given o'er to Thee.

Let it have in its keeping,
The words of truth divine:
So that it in the reaping,
Be counted wholly Thine.

So it be Thine abiding,
The Father and the Son:
The secret place of hiding,
When heat of day is done.

Be Merciful O God.

Within Thy court I lowly kneel;
The penitence of heart to feel,
That pleads for pardon at the throne,
When only blood will full atone:
Be merciful, O God, somehow,
For I am but a sinner now.

I may not raise the head to Thee,
For tearful eyes that do not see;
For grief of heart that but will sue,
For favor, love it erstwhile knew:
Be merciful, O God, somehow,
For I am but a sinner now.

I may but smite the breast in grief,
For aching heart hath no relief;
I may but feel the spirit sore,
For peace hath left me at the door:
Be merciful, O God, somehow,
For I am but a sinner now.

In Thy Shadow.

In the shadow of Thy wings let me rest;
Let my heart sweet repose on Thy breast;
For with trouble it aweary hath grown,
And no more would it feel so alone:
In Thy shadow let me rest.

In the shadow of Thy wings let me dwell;
Let my soul in the waters know Thee well;
Then I'll breast the highest wave,
With Thy hand outstretched to save:
In Thy shadow let me dwell'

In the shadow of Thy wings let me bide;
Let my heart e'er in Thee all confide;
When with sin it a-grievous hath grown,
And Thy love can but still every moan:
In Thy shadow let me bide.

FIRST POEM.

The Royal Road.

Be not anxious for the morrow,
 Walk ye in the royal road.
Take not up tomorrow's burdens,
 Lest you faint beneath the load.
Only for the day is promised,
 Grace sufficient for your need.
Is not life more than the raiment?
 Will He not His children feed?

Trust Him for tomorrow's sorrow,
 Joyful walk with Christ today;
There may be for you no morrow,
 He will care for you alway:
For tomorrow when it cometh,
 Is for you the present day.
Daily strength He then supplieth,
 For the evils of the way.

Pure and spotless are the lilies,
 Which He clothes with heavenly dress:
Ye are far of greater value,
 He will care for you no less.
Ask in prayer for all things needful;
 He, who notes the sparrow's fall,
Will not let His children suffer,
 For God watches over all.

Hear His gracious invitation:
 "Come, ye weary laden, come;
I will give you rest from labor:"
 This of all gifts is the sum.
Go to Christ for hourly strengthening,
 "As thy day thy strength shall be."
Trust Him for the day's appointing,
 Tho' the veil be over thee.

POEM WITH VISION.

*Thoughts On Our Lord's Prayer.

What a mine of hidden meaning,
Untold wealth for endless gleaning,
In the hallowed words, "Our Father!"
Breathing love so deep and tender,
Boundless, shoreless without measure,
Who as rich in earthly treasure?

Pray we now with earnest wooing,
For the coming of Thy kingdom,
In our earthly hearts and lives:
So that all will love the doing,
Of Thy righteous holy will,
As the angels do in heaven.

Give us, Lord, the heavenly manna,
For our daily, hourly need;
Lest our souls and bodies perish,
For the want of spiritual feed:
Teach us to forgive like Jesus,
For we Thy forgiveness need.

Lead us not without Thy presence,
In temptation's path and way.
Keep, dear Lord, from us the evil,
That surrounds us night and day.
"Thine the kingdom, power and glory,
Now and evermore. Amen."

*Note—See preface to "The Heavenly Voice."

POEMS OF VISION.

As In a Dream.

I awoke on this beauteous morn with praises in my heart for this wondrous vision of the Christ, as in a dream I beheld Him addressing the people; and as I looked with love and longing on the radiant face, my heart spake, It is He, my soul's ideal: so gazing He came down the aisle with such a loving look for me, my lips could only utter, "My Lord and my God."

Sept. 23d, 1903.

Worn and weary I was listening,
In the cloistered arches dim,
To a presence pure and glistening,
More than all the seraphim.

Heart and eye with look a-longing,
At the rapt and radiant face,
Set my thoughts a-softly thronging,
'Tis the blessed Lord of grace.

Yea, 'tis He my very seeming,
As I picture Him so oft,
If of Him I'm sweetly dreaming,
In the angel choir aloft.

Then He came with look so lo'ing,
All my heart poured forth in praise;
In a hallelujah growing,
To the strain the seraphs raise.

Down the aisle He came so straightly,
With so sweet a smile for me,
All my love acclaimed Him greatly,
'Tis my Lord and God—'tis He!

So I woke with new enduing,
For a long or shorter stay;
With a vision for my wooing,
That will crown the night with day.

Poems of Vision.

*The Heavenly Light.

The vision of light herein described came as encouragement to continue the work given by the Holy Spirit. It followed the rejection and criticism of "Thoughts On Our Lord's Prayer." This first vision of the heavenly light came Jan. 5th, 1901; the second Oct. 1st, 1903; and the third Nov. 3d, 1903.

Sad of heart and sore discouraged,
Sitting in the shadows gray,
Naught of earth my heart encouraged,
But the radiance of a ray.

I awoke to find it streaming,
Thro' a window filled with light;
Light unearthly thence abeaming,
O'er the face of all my night.

Instant came the thought so cheering,
God's approval this for thee;
No more doubt nor be afearing,
Now His glory thou dost see.

So I strove with fresh endeavor,
To exalt the heavenly gift;
Gift that more and more will ever,
Heart and life to God uplift.

* * * * * *

With the lapse of years it shineth,
Shineth as it did of yore:
With the light that ne'er declineth,
Tho' unseen on sea or shore.

I awake to see it straying,
Thro' a window o'er my bed:
In a heavenly radiance raying,
As a halo o'er my head.

*Note—See preface to "The Heavenly Voice."

The Vision.

I awoke from sleep to behold two pictures on the wall near the head of my bed. The first was the Christ uplifted. The second was a sunset scene in a hue of deepest red for a background, while in the foreground was a wicket gate. Following these pictures came a grated window over my bed filled with unearthly light. Dec. 10th, 1903.

What meaneth this—this, this I see,
This vision wonderful of Thee?
Awaking ere the rose of light,
From out the gray of pallid night,
To see Thee high, high uplift,
Above a picture there adrift.

A picture but in heaven lit,
With all the sunset hue in it;
Of carmine to the crimson hue,
A-shading in a toning true:
And in the foreground keeping wait,
I see—I see a wicket gate!

And there—and there up o'er my head,
I see a heavenly radiance spread;
As from a window filled with light,
To startle me but not to fright:
As it a meaning hath I see,
The future will reveal to me.

Face to Face.

In wondrous vision of the night,
Christ newly spake to clear my sight;
Addressing me and one like me,
As if He would true answered be:
"Am I not more than any loss,
Than any trial, any cross?"

And thinking of His strengthening grace,
In every trouble I did face,
I lowly bowed in reverence new,
In affirmation true most true:
Yea, Thou art more than any loss,
Than any trial, any cross.

Reflecting on the might of love,
That bore me on her wings above,
When weighted with the sorrow sore;
I bowed in affirmation more:
Yea, Thou art more than any loss,
Than any trial, any cross.

And I awoke to feel no more,
The burden pressing sore so sore;
For I had seen Him face to face,
In all His plentitude of grace:
In love that's more than any loss,
Than any trial, any cross.

TEMPERING.

When father heats his metal, cools it new,
He calls the process so and so;
A name I surely ought to know.
I nor remember as I used to do.

'Twill come to me, I have it now:
Tempering's the word, strange I forgot;
With water cools it when a very hot,
So to his purpose fashions new, somehow.

Methinks our Heavely Father worketh so:
Fashioning His children in His likeness new;
Using the sleet and chill and early dew;
Tempering the heart and will so us He know.

With what He sends I therefore rest content:
Knowing His will but worketh out His love;
Tho' in the way I may not see thereof;
Content His will and mine in one be blent.

Sealed Unto God.

Sealed unto God, His honor and might;
Sealed unto God, His wisdom and light;
We joyously sing His anthem anew:
Salvation's for you, salvation's for you.

Sealed unto God, His glory and power;
Sealed unto God, this day and this hour;
We thankfully raise His anthem anew:
Salvation's for you, salvation's for you.

Sealed in our forehead forever and aye;
Sealed by His blessing to love and obey;
We heartfully sing His anthem anew:
Salvation's for you, salvation's for you.

SPIRITUAL POEMS.

This Is All.

This, this is all my soul's desire,
The goal to which my thoughts aspire;
 This for my life the high ideal;
 Within His court to daily kneel,
 To have o'er me the Spirit steal
In full, in Pentacostal fire;
To purge, to wholly cleanse of ire,
 So to affix the holy seal:
 This, this is all.

His beauty to behold; to feel
In all its holiness the real:
 His word and will to so enquire,
 I shall but strike an angel's lyre,
In living out what they reveal:
 This, this is all.

His Fellowship.

Would you know, would you know it, my heart?
 What the angels to know, would heaven forego,
What they longed to have share in and part;
 Which only to mortals is given to know,
 The fellowship of His sufferings below:
Would you know, would you know it, my heart?

The wearisome day and the longer night;
 The wrestlings with ill, and cryings of flesh;
The sorrowing veil beclouding the sight;
 The anguish for souls ensnared in the mesh,
Which wrought heart to heart with Father apart:
Would you know, would you know it, my heart?

Misjudging of action, ascribing
To ill, motives the purest, holiest, best;
Estrangement of kinsfolk, friends, so to bring
The suffering of loneliness home to the breast;
Which turned to the Father ne'er to depart:
Would you know, would you know it, my heart?

The love that sacrifice only doth know;
The dying to self in service for soul,
Groaning of spirit for sin and its woe;
Sorrowing sympathy for misery's dole,
Which yielded the life to newly impart:
Would you know, would you know it, my heart?

In His Holy Temple.

Cease, cease, O Earth, your jarring strife!
Your vain distractions too;
Your noisy babble, worldly life,
That so perplexes you:
Keep silence keep; before Him lowly bow,
The Lord is in His holy temple now.

The cloud fills each, yea every space,
The chancel and the nave;
The dome with all its lights of grace,
The column's fretted wave:
Keep silence keep; before Him lowly bow,
The Lord is in His holy temple now.

It lifts His glory thus to show,
In light too dazzling bright
For you, O Earth, to ever know,
Unless ye walk in white:
Keep silence keep; before Him lowly bow,
The Lord is in His holy temple now.

To cleanse, to sanctify, to bless
The place of His abode;
To free it from the strain and stress,
To let love lift the load:
Keep silence keep; before Him lowly bow,
The Lord is in His holy temple now.

Bricks Without Straw.

Hast come to the places hard of the road,
Thou hast ne'er passed o'er before;
The hopeless task, the spur and the goad,
Ne'er known in the days of yore?
Thou'rt come to be called a child of God,
Who loves to obey His law;
Who layeth on Him the heavy clod,
Who maketh bricks without straw.

Hast come to the sorrowful nights of the way,
That into the days long run?
Hath the shadows of life the hue of gray,
And nor the glow of the sun?
Thou'rt come to be greatly loved by Him,
Who wants thee without a flaw;
Who gives the cup o'erflowing to brim,
The bricks to make without straw.

Hast come to the smiting of cheek and lip,
To the dark of Gethsemane;
To the crown of thorns and the cross's grip,
To the sweat of heart agony?
Thou knowest His fellowship then, my soul,
In living the life He saw:
To reach at last His reward of goal,
For making bricks without straw.

Be Still.

Flutter not so, flutter not so,
 Ye wildly throbbing heart!
Beat not your pinions to and fro,
 But plume for fresher start;
For higher flight above the sod:
Be still and know that I am God.

Struggle no more, struggle no more,
 Mine arms enclasp you round;
Know I not best your way before,
 To keep you off the ground?
So comfort ye with all my rod:
Be still and know that I am God.

Question nor fear, question nor fear,
 My ever wise decree;
What know nor understand ye here,
 Ye shall in heaven see;
Walk softly as with feet unshod:
Be still and know that I am God.

Nestle close down, nestle close down,
 Within my might of love;
There waits for you a starry crown,
 In mansion yours above;
If ye with peace are purely shod:
Be still and know that I am God.

Keep and Seek.

Hast sought the truth this day, my soul,
 Hast sought it in His Holy Writ,
To newly write on heart's clean scroll,
 To thus more deeply ponder it?
If so, thou ne'er wilt hunger more,
 Nor know the fever more of thirst;
'Twill be a fount full flowing o'er,
 So thou need'st never fear the worst.

Hast sought it for its worth alone,
 For all its wisdom's hidden lore;
To keep it for thy very own,
 To love, to live it evermore?
If so, hast oped the inner sight,
 To vistas never seen of earth;
To glory of celestial light,
 In which it solely hath a birth.

Hast shrined it so within the veil,
 In holy of all holies, thine;
It hath become the hallowed Grail,
 The symbol of the life divine?
If so, thou art thus set apart,
 To live it out in lip and life;
In ministering to another heart,
 The vital force with which 'tis rife.

POEMS OF FAITH.

By Faith.

"Walk, walk by faith alone, my child;
'Tis the divine, appointed way,
That leads thee out to perfect day,
To vistas of the undefiled.

"Ask not for signs to point the path;
Am I not e'er thy guiding star,
To pilot to the country far,
To cover in the day of wrath?

"Whilst walking so shalt surely see,
What erst was hidden, dark, obscure,
Unfold in light unending, sure:
My manifest of love for thee.

"So I most fully may reveal,
For thine obedience to the light,
Tho' dark and dim to natural sight,
What to the spiritual is real."

The Light of His Smile.

Just over the rim of the lining,
Is the light of His smile, my soul:
The light that knows no declining,
Tho' the storm clouds heavily roll.

Just the light of the fairest morning,
That could ever bless mortal sight:
The one that in heaven is dawning,
For a day ineffably bright.

Just the light of the day that is glowing,
O'er the shades of the darkest night:
That hath in its great bestowing,
A glory eternally light.

Just the smile of His great rejoicing,
O'er a world redeemed from blight;
By a love that is always voicing,
A carol for every night.

THE REST OF THE SOUL.

He appointeth my path, O comforting thought!
The trials with which 'tis heavily fraught,
The sorrows which lift to the light of His face,
The burdens which bring the support of His grace.

He ordereth my way, O strengthening thought!
The way which my blindness never had sought,
The cares which have taught dependence on Him,
The woes which have caused His love to o'erbrim.

He directeth my step, O life giving thought!
Tho' feeble and weak and sorely distraught:
To strengthen in weakness, to lead to the goal,
To the beautiful haven, the rest of the soul.

HIS WILL.

I no more fear His blessed will,
Tho' long I feared it oft;
So restless and unquiet, till
I saw His face aloft:
O sweet it is to see,
The good it worketh out for me!

I no more question its decree,
Nor seek the how and why;
Enough for me whate'er it be,
I in His love close lie:
O sweet it is to see,
The good it worketh out for me!

I no more doubt its wise intent,
Or strive to know its lore;
It is with love so wholly blent,
I ask, I want no more:
O sweet it is to see,
The good it worketh out for me!

I no more dread what it may veil,
Or shun its seeming ill;
As it may never, never fail,
A blessing to distil:
O sweet it is to see,
The good it worketh out for me!

Walking With God.

In the flush of morning fair,
Ere the dew is off the leaf,
Or the rose hath dropped her sheaf,
Or His breath is off the air,
Hast looked above the sod,
To walk alone with God?

In the glowing of the noon,
Ere the gold hath lost the gloss,
Or the light is off the cross,
Or the sands have worn the shoon,
Hast dropped the weighing clod,
To walk alone with God?

In the hush of twilight's haze,
Ere the gloam is all the gray,
Or the light is veiled for aye,
Or the blue hath lost the glaze,
Hast gone with feet unshod,
To walk alone with God?

In the rest of tranquil eve,
Ere the dew distils the damp,
Or the day hath lost the stamp,
Which His Spirit loves to leave,
Hast grasped the outstretched rod,
To walk alone with God?

Thou so wilt walk in white,
Where the morn is ever fair,
Where the noon is softest glare,
Where the night is only bright,
With the shining of the shod,
Who walk alone with God.

HIS HIGHWAY.

Where briers thick and thorns of field,
Besprinkle all the paths in life;
Where sparse and scant the daily yield,
Of pleasures, joys with which 'tis rife;
Where skies are lowering more than fair,
His highway's there, His highway's there!

Where life in deepest ruts is worn,
Beruffling surface with the mar;
Where bruises, blows have beauty shorn,
To leave fore'er the well marked scar;
Where sorrows form the daily fare,
His highway's there, His highway's there!

Where strong temptations oft prevail,
To tear the character to shreds;
Where human strength doth wholly fail,
Of binding sins to cut the threads;
Where will is captive in the snare,
His highway's there, His highway's there!

Where roars the storm upon the deep,
To break in tidal force and power;
Where shadows of the vale slow creep,
To overhang the sunny bower;
Where thick with mist the very air,
His highway's there, His highway's there!

Where truth hath only reign and rule,
To mold the life and set the aim;
Where right not might the service-tool,
To satisfy the pressing claim;
Where strength is sought and found in prayer,
His highway's there, His highway's there!

Where sweet with fragrance is the way,
Exhaling all the flower of love;
Where vocal is the close of day,
With melody like that above;
Where night is rest wrapped in His care,
His highway's there, His highway's there!

Where life is one beatitude,
For all the bounties of His hand;
Where heart is hymned to gratitude,
For victories many great and grand;
Where spirit breathes but heavenly air,
His highway's there, His highway's there!

A VISION.

The glowing orb of day in glowing hue,
Hath left a trail of glory o'er the blue:
A vision of the radiancy of light,
That streameth in the habitations white.

That wafts my spirit in its thought away,
To that blest home prepared for aye and aye,
By loving lingering hands for His heart's love;
For that companionship known but above.

To that sweet time when dawns upon the sight,
The halo of His countenance of light:
The contour of its love in beauteous glow,
On me 'tis shining so, to know, to know.

May such blest vision never fade from view,
Till I behold in all its realness, new:
Until the veil of flesh is rent for aye,
Until the dawning of the more than day.

AT LAST.

At last, yea I have come at last,
From out the mist of gray,
To see thro' dark of night now past,
The dawn of beauteous day.

To see behind the frown, the smile,
That shineth on His way;
That only makes of life worth while,
To live it day by day.

To love the will that is His love,
Tho' seen in dark dismay;
That leadeth to the heights above,
The shining of His day.

The Cross.

The cross—the cross uplifteth,
 Ablaze with light of love!
See how each cloud it rifteth,
 With peace from heaven above.

It armeth for the battle,
 Each servant of the Lord;
Who in the din and rattle,
 Hath lost command of word.

It goes—it goes before us,
 With victory in the van:
Now, now the flag is o'er us,
 The foe is ours to scan!

Thy Day.

Thy day is all my strength,
No matter what its length;
Nor what its test may be,
If it belong to Thee.

Thine hour is all my strength,
Tho' run in minutes' length:
Tho' weight with trials be,
If but support by Thee.

Thy moment is my strength,
Tho' seconds but in length:
Tho' sore with sorrows be,
If borne alone by Thee.

Thy second is my strength,
Tho' shortest but in length;
Tho' all of life it be,
If it be all of Thee.

AFTER.

After toiling comes the resting,
 Which the weary only know:
After suffering comes the nesting,
 Where the leaves of healing grow.

After weeping comes the smiling,
 As a rainbow in the cloud:
After loving, no reviling,
 Of the hand that shapes the shroud.

After groping comes the seeing,
 Thro' new vistas of delight:
After walking comes the being,
 Where the angels walk in white.

After doubting comes the trusting,
 Of a day that never sets:
After sinning comes the crusting,
 Of a conscience faith begets.

After losing comes the living,
 Of a life that never dies:
After having comes the giving,
 Of its first day's sweet surprise.

THY LIGHT MY WAY.

Thy light hath led my way,
Thro' all the storms of day;
 From out the gray of night,
 To vistas of a heart delight:
To glory of the beatific ray.

To glow to fire by night,
To keep the altar bright;
 With incense of the flame,
 That mounts and mounts with higher aim,
The soul in its ascending flight.

To light the inner view,
With glory strangely new;
 Unlike to aught of earth,
 Transcending e'en creation's birth:
The glory of the Spirit true.

To fuse the whole to life,
Unknowing jar of strife;
 Of harmony but sole:
 Eternity's unfading scroll,
With melody of heaven rife.

Ever Happy.

If in the morn without a cloud,
 In all the freshness of the dawn,
There drops the veiling of the shroud,
 To bid hope spread her wing, begone;
How happy he beneath the rod,
Who maketh still the Lord, his God.

If in the glowing of the noon,
 In all the shining of the blue,
There fall the showers so frequent, soon,
 The light may dimly flicker through;
How happy he beneath the rod,
Who maketh still the Lord, his God.

If in the stillness of the eve,
In all the fading of the glow,
There's no ingathering of the sheave,
For chilling blast and blighting snow;
How happy he beneath the rod,
Who maketh still the Lord, his God.

GOING HOME.

I shall go home some day;
When at last the call shall come,
To fold the cares away,
To bid the sorrows stay,
To enter into rest therefrom.

I shall go home same day;
When He softly whispers, "Come,
Put by your work alway;
To sing the only lay,
That hath the wrong of sin o'ercome."

I shall go home some day,
When for me He's swiftly come,
To bear with no delay,
To a joy for aye and aye,
That none e'er may take me from.

I shall go home some day,
When He loudly calls to come:
"Enough the shadows gray,
Enough the heart-brake way;
No more to grief shalt thou succumb."

I shall go home some day,
When I'll joyous hear His, "Come,
Come live with me for aye,
Where the blue is never gray,
Where the days no night become."

I shall go home some day,
When He sweetly calls to come;
"Come, child, away, away,
Where the sunbeams ever play,
In the only place that's home."

Waiting On the Lord.

After trusting comes the waiting,
On thy Lord's good time and way;
Rest in Him and wait with patience,
He doth answer while you pray.

Peace of mind comes with the waiting,
On thy Lord's good time and way:
Blessed peace for care-worn pilgrims,
Who are falling in the fray.

Strength renewed for further waiting,
On thy Lord's good time and way:
Stay thy mind and heart upon Him,
Pilgrim of the night and day.

Courage too is given while waiting,
On thy Lord's good time and way:
Cheer up doubting, fainting pilgrim,
Strength of heart comes while you pray.

Light in Darkness.

In the darkest day there ariseth,
A light that outrivals the sun:
It is like the joy that surpriseth,
Of a race but barely won.

It is like no morn that e'er shineth,
Or even the brightest star:
For its glory never declineth,
Tho' its cycles ages are.

'Tis the radiance of His presence,
That illumines the gloom of night.
With a more than earthly pleasance,
With a more than seraphic light.

UPLIFT.

Resting in the love of Jesus,
In the love beyond compare;
From the fears that often seize us,
We are resting in His care.

Waiting on the word of Jesus,
On the promise of His power;
Power to strengthen and uphold us,
In the testing, trying hour.

Trusting in the truth of Jesus,
In the truth with no recall;
He is hearing what doth grieve us,
He will answer 'fore we call.

Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
Ears attent and heart arift;
Feel we what will only ease us,
We with Him are thus uplift.

The Day of Peace.

It is coming, it is coming, the time is hastening fast,
When the kingdoms of this world shall be the kingdom of His Son;
When the hearts of all the nations shall beat in unison:
When the cruelty of strife is overpast.

I can hear it, I can hear it, in the vibratory air,
The fluttering of the wings that brings from bickerings surcease;
'Tis the angel of His promise, the angel of His peace:
And the morning of the day is everywhere.

I can see it, I can see it, in the vision now of sight,
The day so long of promise, the day that doth appear;
When the hatings and revilings shall in love all disappear:
The day of His rejoicing, His delight.

POEMS OF TRUST

Thou Knowest Lord.

Thou knowest, Lord; what want I more
Of love and sympathy! What o'er
 My troublous spirit hath so wrought
 Such quietude as this one thought!
What other key could ope the door,
To vistas never seen before;
The height and depth of such love lore!
 With deeper meanings so 'tis fraught:
 Thou knowest, Lord.

This frame of dust, that erstwhile sought
To do the good and did it naught;
 That fell full oft, yea times a score,
 In strivings for the peaceful shore:
That victory alone hath brought;
 Thou knowest, Lord.

Foreknowledge.

When the shadows shunt the ray,
When the blue is ever gray,
Thou knewest, Lord, my way.

When the night is o'er the day,
When the sunbeams no more play,
Thou knewest, Lord, my way.

When great griefs my peace inveigh,
When the hours no joy convey,
Thou knewest, Lord, my way.

When the troubles round me lay,
When the prospect is dismay,
Thou knewest, Lord, my way.

When the sores of life but flay,
When the heart hath no more stay,
Thou knewest, Lord, my way.

When hope affrighted wings away,
When more dreary dawns no day,
Thou knewest, Lord, my way.

WHAT WOULDST THOU MORE.

In, in thy Lord's own hand,
His great right hand of righteousness;
Whose strength is e'er at thy command,
Tho' greater be the need or less.
What wouldst thou more, my heart?
What have to better live thy part?

On, on His breast to rest,
Beneath the overshadowing wings;
That lull to quiet the distressed,
That lift above all earthly things.
Where so repose, my heart?
Where so recover from each smart?

Upon His arm to lean,
His everlasting arm of might;
That is more potent than the seen,
If thee upholding in the fight.
How else endure, my heart?
How else this mortal life depart?

He, He thy refuge sole,
Jehovah, the eternal God;
The three in one, the one in whole,
Thine all sufficient, strengthening rod.
When wilt thou trust, my heart?
When wilt thou let Him faith impart?

Light At Even.

The even shall be light with Thee,
Tho' dark and cloudy be the day;
Tho' rough and rugged all the way,
If it shall new Thy presence see:

If heart and life with Thee agree,
Conjoined in Thy transmitting ray.
The even shall be light with Thee,
Tho' dark and cloudy be the day.

The twilight shall as morning be;
Aflushing all the hue of gray,
To tone it to the joyous lay,
The lay of Thy divinity:
The even shall be light with thee.

The Trusting Heart.

Thou'lt keep, O Lord, the trusting heart,
In perfect peace, in rare repose;
In rest the world but little knows,
In quietude from all apart.

Thou'lt keep, O Lord, the trusting heart,
In loving arms that ne'er unclose;
In safety from the fiercest foes,
In confidence of all Thy part.

Thou'lt keep, O Lord, the trusting heart,
In burning suns, in blinding snows;
In gales, in hurricanes, in blows,
In sole reliance on—Thou art.

Thou'lt keep, O Lord, the trusting heart,
In heaven's unfading hues and glows;
In light Thy glory only shows,
In rays that radiate no dart.

Thou'lt keep, O Lord, the trusting heart,
In silence to the restful close;
In love that only love bestows,
In tranquil calm in every mart.

He Looketh Out For Me.

I know not when the morn may break,
Upon the shore of night;
I know a roseal hue 'twill take,
When He is all its light:
So through the mist I may not see,
He looketh out for me.

I know not what the day may hold,
Of blessing or of bane;
I know He doth no good withhold,
Of sunshine or of rain:
So if it heavy weighted be,
He looketh out for me.

I know not how the eve will fall,
In radiance or mist;
I know it will His love recall,
If earth hath heaven kissed:
So I may ne'er affrighted be,
He looketh out for me.

What is Best.

I weary Thee full oft, dear Lord,
With feverish unrest;
When well I know in deed and word,
Thou knowest what is best.

I grieve Thee with the sad complaint,
In quest of how and why;
When Thou canst see no need of plaint,
In one so blest as I.

I try Thee with the lack of trust,
Thy child should never know;
When Thou no reason for distrust,
Dost give in caring so.

I anger Thee with every sin,
I do not put away;
For Thou dost give a power within,
To keep me free for aye.

Thou seest as I can't, dear Lord,
Thy way is only blest;
I only see when in accord,
Thou knowest what is best.

Trust.

"I love you, mamma, mamma, dear,
I love you all the time;
But happy I if you be near,
To see me run and climb.

"No harm befalls me, mamma, mine,
With you so sweetly nigh;
Your arms the closer round me twine,
If aught doth make me cry."

So carols forth the trusting child,
Thus free from earthly care;
Who only is by love beguiled,
The robe of faith to wear.

May I so wholly love Thee, Lord,
As this small child doth love;
Thus shall I strike the only chord,
That draws Thee from above.

Thus shall I ever trusting be;
As happy as the lark,
That mounts in ecstasy to see,
The shining of the dark.

He Knoweth Best.

Cold blows the wind and chill;
Dark, dark the night and drear;
I may not tarry here,
Lest it should work me ill.
What if it be my rest?
He knoweth best.

Slow breaks the light of dawn;
Long, long the night and lone;
My heart makes weary moan,
For all that's come and gone.
What if it be my test?
He knoweth best.

Fleet, fleet the flight of night;
Breaks now the beauteous day,
That will not pass away
From love and faith's insight.
What if it be all blest?
He knoweth best.

Not Alone.

Thou wilt not leave me ever, Lord,
 Thou wilt not leave Thy child alone;
 Tho' cold to Thee I have but grown;
Is it not writ so in Thy Word?

Nor wilt Thou sever so the chord,
 That binds Thee to Thy very own.
 Thou wilt not leave me ever, Lord,
Thou wilt not leave Thy child alone.

Such comfort, peace, dost Thou afford,
 My heart hast lost its weary moan;
 In feeling all Thy love hath shown,
Of pity, sympathy unheard.
Thou wilt not leave me ever, Lord.

Trust in Him.

O trust in Him, ye people all,
As ye before Him lowly fall!
 At all times put your trust in Him,
 When heart is faint and hope is dim;
When strength remaineth but to crawl,
When hovers o'er death's threatening pall;
When bitter is the cup as gall,
 That's full to flowing o'er the brim:
 O trust in Him!

Pour all your heart out to the rim;
To God, who gives for plaint the hymn;
 Who is a refuge great, nor small;
 A shadow from the heated wall;
A covert from the falling limb:
 O trust in Him!

It Shall Go Well.

If thou wilt trust the Lord Thy God,
And just submissive be;
If thou wilt tread the path He trod,
It shall go well with thee.

If thou wilt trust His constant care,
That keeps continually;
That counts the fall of every hair,
It shall go well with thee.

If thou wilt trust His wiser will,
That rules eternity;
To so His purpose best fulfill,
It shall go well with thee.

If thou wilt trust the all wise thought,
That thinks unerringly;
To keep thee in the way love-bought,
It shall go well with thee.

If thou wilt trust the tender love,
That sees as none can see;
The way to bring thee home above,
It shall go well with thee.

If thou wilt trust Him for the hour,
That darkest seems to be;
To recognize His sovereign power,
It shall go well with thee.

The Lord.

A light amid the darkness, He,
A pillar for the night;
Nor may I ever fearful be,
If He be all my sight.

A strength in all my weakness, He,
A power of saving life;
Afraid I may not ever be,
If He but quell my strife.

Content.

Happy, where'er He places me,
Yea, happy in His will;
Content with all that faces me,
Since good it will distill,

Joyous in all that saddens me,
Yea, joyous in His love;
Knowing it so but gladdens me,
With peace like that above.

Leave It All With Jesus.

Hath the way grown dark and dreary;
Faints the heart so worn and weary;
Fades the light of day away,
To the twilight pale and gray?
Leave it all with Jesus.

Hath the star of hope no raying,
For the feet so sadly straying;
Sets the sun of faith in doubt;
Clouds the light of glory out?
Leave it all with Jesus.

Plays the smile more faint and faintly,
O'er the features worn and saintly;
Weeps the heart in sorrow's sway,
O'er the shading of the gray?
Leave it all with Jesus.

HE IS COMING.

He is coming! He is coming!
For the thousands of the earth,
Who through faith in overcoming,
Are accounted of such worth.

Here and there He'll come a-seeking,
Seeking those who love His will;
When to them a-sweetly speaking,
He will all His joy fulfill.

Coming in the clouds of glory,
Coming newly for His own;
That with Him through ages hoary,
They may sit upon a throne.

Coming ere the tribulation,
That shall fill the earth with woe;
Snatching thus His new creation,
'Fore the falling of the blow.

Ere from earth departs His spirit,
That restraineth man from ill:
Coming so that naught dispirit,
Those who live to do His will.

POEMS OF LOVE

My Love.

Fair as the morn is my love so fair,
I wait His coming with listening air:
Sweet is His breath as the wild rose sweet,
My heart ariseth with love's own greet.

Swift is His coming as fleeing hare,
To raise my spirit from drooping care;
Bright is His presence as blithest morn,
To buoy my heart in hour forlorn.

Pure as the snowdrop is spotless pure,
The hue of His life my only lure:
Dear as the dawning of day to sight,
His cheer of voice in the darkling night.

Constant His love is as constant death,
It never knoweth expiring breath:
Warm as the hearth fire is glowing warm,
It keeps my heart from the chilling harm.

My love is ne'er dear sweeter to see,
Than if I behold His love for me:
The chord new vibrates in perfect tune,
To change to melody all life's rune.

The Love of My Heart.

Sweeter than lily of the morn,
 Is the love of my heart so sweet:
 Dearer to me His well known greet,
Than to mother the fair first born.

A smile, caress for one forlorn,
 Is the grace of His coming feet:
 Sweeter than lily of the morn,
Is the love of my heart so sweet.

With pearls of peace doth He adorn,
For His presence to make more meet;
Of all His love doth make retreat,
If I'm sorrowed and weary worn:
Sweeter than lily of the morn.

His Redolent Love.

How redolent Thy love, O Lord!
Exhaling more in every word,
Of fragrance than the sweetest rose;
Of freshness than the firstling snows;
If in the spirit's hush 'tis heard,
Divest of all of earth's discord,
With angels only in accord:
To steal o'er me in soft repose,
How redolent Thy love!

To rest me at the day's slow close;
To shield me from the gale that blows;
When all the heart is sorrow-stirred,
With dissonance of key and chord:
Oh then the restive spirit knows,
How redolent Thy love!

The Nearest.

So near, nearer Thou couldst not be,
Tho' I should now Thy vision see:
Thou couldst not nearer be than here,
Here centered in my being's sphere.

So near, nearer Thou couldst not be,
Tho' walking arm in arm with Thee,
The pressure of Thy hand to feel;
Than if o'er me Thy spirit steal.

So near, nearer Thou couldst not be,
Tho' face to face Thou wert with me,
A-holding converse in the flesh;
Than if Thou rise in me afresh.

So near, nearer Thou couldst not be,
Tho' we as friends in thought agree:
Nearer than mother, children, wife,
Thou couldst not nearer be if life.

How Beautiful.

How beautiful, how beautiful,
The lily's thought to me! So full
 Of inspiration for the day;
 So lifting of the soul by way
To Him, the One so bountiful
In all His care; so merciful
To those enrolled within His school:
 His fragrant love for life's sole lay,
 How beautiful!

'Tis manna for the living stay;
A thought of how and when to pray;
 To solve life's problems but the rule,
 For all His children dutiful:
To keep in mind the Christ alway,
 How beautiful!

Nowhere.

Hadst Thou nowhere to lay Thy head,
Dear Lord! hadst Thou no bed!
No spot of earth to call Thine own,
When Thou wast faint aweary grown!

No loving breast whereon to rest
The throbbing brow, the mind distressed
For others' woe! No sympathy
Of soul to newly hearten Thee!

For human wast Thou in Thy need;
Thyself didst spend to others feed.
Was none to minister to Thee,
When Thou wast hungry, too, as we!

Thou, hearts a-many hast today,
Where Thou mayst rest, repose alway;
Nor need'st to want for bed or board,
Such store doth love to Thee afford.

For Thy great love hath won Thee way,
To homes the finest of the gay;
To hearts that only for Thee cry,
To love that longs for Thee to die.

MY LORD.

As the breath of the first fresh air,
 As the pearl of the tremulous leaf,
 As the blush of the waking rose,
So fair is my love, so fair;
 So pure is my Lord and chief,
 So sweet to me He grows.

Fair as the morn is fair,
 Pure as the pearl is pure,
 Sweet as the rose is sweet,
So is He everywhere;
 Of every ill the cure;
 From all of self, retreat.

POEMS OF TRUTH

At Last.

At last he cometh to his own;
Tho' in the frown or smile of day,
Tho' through the mud or miry clay:
Tho' long or late or early sown,
The tiny seed at least hath grown,
To bud and blossom by the way.
At last he cometh to his own,
Tho' in the frown or smile of day:

To heritage of joy thro' moan,
To love's illuming, hopeful ray,
To vision of the Christ alway:
To see in all but Him alone.
At last he cometh to his own.

A Thought.

I.

Ethereal as an angel's wing, to touch
Evanishing as dream, this thought of mine;
Tho' by Arachne subtly spun, as fine:
Tho' not with depth of feeling fraught o'er much.
It may be after all but fancy's crutch;
A fantasy; aerial's far incline
To fairy realm, right over reason's line:
But ne'ertheless it pleaseth me as much,
As if evolved from midnight's toil of brain;
This zephyr from the sunny tranquil blue,
To waft o'er me a wave of melody, a strain
Diviner far than mortal ever knew:
From some far isle or haply nearer plain,
To ope all heaven to my wondering view.

II.

As in the convolutions of a shell,
Invisible to eye but heard of ear,
The murmuring voices of its murmurous bier,
So o'er and o'er it rose, as softly fell,
In echoing, "All is well; all, all is well.
If I be here, if I be only here,
Thou'lt never know that nameless thing, a fear.
No bell hath ever tolled my funeral knell."
So shapes this thought with shading of no art,
With not a jarring break nor wordy strife:
A heart enfolded in another heart,
A life enwrapped within another life,
And love henceforth will nevermore depart,
Tho' he with long, long reach of years be rife.

A STAR.

From out of the blackness of the night,
That brooded long o'er all the blue;
In all its soft effulgent light,
To ray the ages through and through:
A Star, a Star arose.

To shine with bright and brighter sheen,
Throughout the longest night of day;
To change the aspect and the mien,
Of hues most somber and most gray:
A Star, a Star arose.

To herald forth a fairer dawn,
Than ever blushed in roseal hue;
To elevate the brain and brawn,
To the ideal of the true:
A Star, a Star arose.

From out the mists of morn to clear,
A pathway for the shining ray,
That shineth more and more; aye, near,
As mounts the daystar on his way:
A Star, a Star arose.

From out of Jacob's lengthening line,
To glow to earth's remotest close;
A symbol of the cross divine,
That lightens sin of all its woes:
A Star, a Star arose.

Life.

Life is what we mostly make it,
Life is sweet or life is sour;
Life is what we choose to take it,
Life is thorn, or life is flower.

Life is sweet if lifted higher,
To the glory of the day:
Life is sour if nigh and nigher,
Falls to fretting of the way.

Life is thorn to sting and prickle,
If we take it, take it wrong;
Life is flower with dew to trickle,
If it floweth into song.

Compensation.

The day may be dark and dreary,
But dawneth a brighter day:
The way may be worn and weary,
But waiteth the rest of way.

The trials may trail and thicken,
But passeth the longest night:
The sorrows may come to sicken,
But riseth the healing light.

The spirit may faint and falter,
But faith hath ever a stay:
The heart may have lost the psalter,
But love will always pray.

A Dream or Not.

I see the old house as of yore,
To gaze a-through its wide oped door;
The old well-sweep and bucket-rope,
To draw the water, test its scope:
Ah me! the years have come and flown,
Since I was playing there alone.

The yew tree old so broad of shade,
A little temple therein made,
For feathered choristers of note,
With jubilant heart, and swelling throat:
Ah me! it is not what it seems,
I see it only in my dreams.

The roses and the lilies fair,
That bloomed and blossomed brightly there;
Forget-me-nots and mignonette,
Whose sweetness knew no sad regret:
Ah me! I may not pluck apart,
The fragrance but is in my heart.

The mow of hay with redolence sweet,
That nesting was for straying feet;
The brindled cow, and favorite mare,
That lent me fleeing wings of air:
Ah me! I hobble on alone,
The steed, the steed hath only flown.

Within the house I see, I see,
Enthroned its dear divinity;
And round her loyal subjects all,
From father to the children small:
Ah me! they vanish with the light,
I see them but in dreams of night.

But I shall see them by and by,
In our new home beyond the sky,
No more to fade with dawn of day,
From out my sight away, away:
A dream will be reality;
Reality no dream will be.

Drifting.

Drifting! whither art thou drifting?
 Prithee, tell me, tell me where?
As the clouds above thee shifting,
 Floating, floating anywhere?

Drifting art thou with the current?
 Frail thy bark is for the sea;
Hast thou lost the sole deterrent,
 That would anchor to the lee?

Drifting on a shoreless ocean,
 Drifting surely unto death;
Prithee, prithee make a motion,
 'Ere thou losest life in breath.

What I May Be.

The sorrow of the heart a-sore;
The grief a-knocking at the door;
The little vexings of the way;
The clouding o'er of whole of day:
Are only known to God and me,
For I His light may be to thee.

The disappointment of the life;
'Twixt good and ill the constant strife;
The bruisings of the weary feet,
From joltings of the jagged street;
Are only known to God and me,
For I His love may be to thee.

The shrinking from the low estate;
The battle fierce with adverse fate;
Depression of the spirit low,
The waiting of the threatened blow:
Are only known to God and me,
For I His life may be to thee.

The hearing of the word profane;
The seeing lives given o'er to bane;
The knowing of the hidden ill;
The living with the dead at will:
Are only known to God and me,
For I His grace may be to thee.

Not Here.

Here in the flesh, in body here;
In all the semblance of the self:
But in the inner sphere of thought,
The shrine wherein the spirit wrought,
He was not here, for God took him.

To walk afar upon the height,
That knows no limit of the ken,
No glooming of the radiant light,
That newly breathes the life again:
Here in the flesh and yet not here.

To tread the valley's hidden maze,
Of suffering and of sorrow's craze;
To feel the cooling of the wave,
When in the water's lengthening nave:
Here, he was here, for God took him.

To know what else would be unknown;
The fellowship with suffering grown;
Extension of the spirit-sight,
That sees no darkening of the night.
He was not here, for God took him.

POEMS OF SCRIPTURE

His Word.

When I'm afaint and weary,
 He whispers to my heart,
The word that is most cheery,
 That straight doth strength impart.

When fears arise to fright me,
 He stills my troubled breast,
With words that most delight me,
 The word of all the rest.

'Tis, "Fear not:" if I'm feary,
 "Nor ever dismayed be."
'Tis, "I'm thy God;" when dreary,
 "Alway to be with thee."

If 'fore Him I am kneeling,
 His word doth sweetly fall,
"I'll hear while you're appealing;
 I'll answer 'fore you call."

So round about beneath me,
 The everlasting arms;
So fold in fold to sheathe me,
 The love that ill disarms.

"As I've Loved You."

"As I've loved you." Soft breathed the word,
That all my being inly stirred,
To depths unknown unheard before,
As Christ was teaching me His lore.

"As I've loved you:" fell o'er and o'er,
Re-echoing in my heart the more;
Until it dawned upon my thought,
The fullness of the lesson taught.

"As I've loved you." I took it in,
All Christ did suffer for my sin:
The sense of loneliness and loss,
The crown of thorns, the cruel cross.

"As I've loved you." I heard it new:
"Forgive, they know not what they do:"
The railer and the sneering scribe,
Of every nation every tribe.

"As I, so one another love."
Thus I the measure learned thereof:
To pray that I might love as He;
Forgive, as He forgiveth me.

BEAR NO BURDEN ON MY DAY.

Troubled was I on every side,
 Perplexed and all cast down;
My flow of faith was at ebb tide,
 As life wore but a frown;
When heard I what I must obey,
 From out His living Word:
"Bear, bear no burden on my day;
 Thus saith, thus saith the Lord.

"This day I've set apart for rest,
 Of soul and body too;
Lay all your burdens on my breast,
 And I will comfort you."
This was—this was the sweet of way,
 But opened by His Word:
"Bear, bear no burden on my day;
 Thus saith, thus saith the Lord.

"Refresh your spirit at the fount,
Of living waters true;
So shall ye high and higher mount,
To see as I see too."
It was the light upon my way,
A-shining through His Word:
"Bear, bear no burden on my day;
Thus saith, thus saith the Lord."

I laid them down, down at His feet,
When I could bear no more,
And found a rest, a rest so sweet,
I ne'er had known before;
So now I hear but to obey,
The message from His Word:
"Bear, bear no burden on my day;
Thus saith, thus saith the Lord."

"Flee as a Bird."

"Flee as a bird," O driven soul,
When waves of trouble o'er thee roll!
Flee, flee to thy haven of rest,
To all the safety of the nest;
Where wind and wave have no control,
To wreck thee on the treacherous shoal,
Or keep thee from the harbor goal:
To the peace of thy mountain crest,
"Flee as a bird."

Where life recovers all its zest,
In doing but the will, behest,
Of him who wrote thus on the scroll:
"To rest, sweet rest from every dole,
Within the hidings of my breast,
Flee as a bird."

Never Forsaken.

As sweet the dew refresheth flower,
And lifteth up the drooping leaf;
So when the heart in weary hour,
Is all bowed o'er with heavy grief,
Thou raisest with a touch as mild:
"I ne'er will leave, forsake thee, child."

As in the darkest cloud that lowers,
A bow of many hues is rayed;
So when the troubles fall in showers,
And hope affrighted flees dismayed,
Thy Word illumes in tone as mild:
"I ne'er will leave, forsake thee, child."

As when the storm is o'er the deep,
It stilleth by Thy word to calm;
So when great sorrows o'er one sweep,
And life doth hold no oil of balm,
Thou soothest with a word as mild:
"I ne'er will leave, forsake thee, child."

As when the light of day slow fades,
To ray the twilight glow o'er all;
So when the sun of life low shades,
And heard the angel's whispered call,
Thy word doth scintillate as mild:
"I ne'er will leave, forsake thee, child."

"Until the Day Shall Break."

An angel waits with bated breath,
The conflict of a soul with death;
He wearies not nor rest will take,
"Until the day shall break."

He scans the record of the life,
The morn of doubt, the noon of strife;
Will she for good the ill forsake,
"Until the day shall break?"

Will she use all that would prevail,
Or will she fight alone and fail?
He waits, he waits with heart aquake,
"Until the day shall break."

He holds within the upraised hand,
A glittering crown at his command;
Which he doth keep for this soul's sake,
"Until the day shall break."

He singeth now a joyous psalm:
"The crown is thine, the victor's palm;
No more I'll fear for thee and shake,
Until the day shall break."

"I Would Abide With Thee."

"Make haste, my child, prepare the room;
I would today abide with thee."
Aye, Lord, so Thou dost come to me,
It shall with lilies sweetly bloom;
With redolence of a rare perfume,
Exhaling all its fragrancy.
"Make haste, my child, prepare the room;
I would today abide with thee."

Aye, Lord, Thou wilt the space illume,
So Thee anew I'll fully see,
In all the helpful ministry
Of cheer, that shadeth nor with gloom.
"Make haste, my child, prepare the room."

"Hope Thou in God."

"Hope thou in God," O soul distressed!
By many trials oft depressed;
When sorrows all thine earthly crown;
When underneath the world's hard frown;
When days nor nights nor knoweth zest,
From fears that ever haunt their rest,
Leaving the heart and mind oppressed:
When all thy troubles come to town,
"Hope thou in God."

For praise shall yet all outcries drown,
In coming days so golden brown;
With many mercies so o'ercrest,
Hast put His love to fullest test:
O soul distressed! why so cast down?
"Hope thou in God."

The Kingdom First.

"Seek ye first my heavenly kingdom:"
Do I hear my dear Lord say?
"With its wealth of untold riches,
For thy need against that day.
Seek with heart and strength of purpose,
'Tis a pearl of greatest price;
That will yield thee richest treasure,
Which will all thy needs suffice.

"Seek ye first my heavenly kingdom:"
Do I hear my Lord aright?
"First and foremost 'bove all seeking,
For the frailer things of sight.

I will give thee daily manna,
 Thou shalt never be athirst;
All thy needs will be supplied thee,
 If ye seek my kingdom first."

Help me, Lord, to seek Thy kingdom,
 As a miner seeks for gold;
Sacrificing life and pleasure,
 In the quest for wealth untold.
First in heart, in life, in service,
 Thou henceforth shalt ever be:
My delight, my heart's chief treasure,
 All I need, I'll find in Thee.

"Be of Good Courage."

O of good courage be, my heart!
No matter what may be the part,
 Or lot in life thou hast to fill:
 The battle's ne'er to weak of will.
Faint not from wounds that freshly smart;
Up, up with wings of hope for start!
Nor ever let thy faith depart,
 If thou with life would newly thrill:
 O of good courage be!

For God shall yet in thee instil,
The strength His purpose to fulfill;
 Yea, more and more He will impart,
 The secret of His saving art;
The peace that keeps from fear of ill:
 O of good courage be!

"The Lord Our Righteousness."

We humbly bow before Thy throne, O Lord,
As lowly suppliants of Thine abounding grace.
We plead no noble deed nor kindly word,
For all self-stained, bear little trace
Of good, to merit favor in Thy sight;
We come in Jesus' name, our life and light:
"The Lord our righteousness."

He, like the green and tender plant,
Upspringing from the moist, damp earth,
Was trampled on and bruised for our great guilt:
For we like sheep have strayed to pastures dearth.
It hath pleased Him for wondrous love,
To our reproach remove with Thee above:
"The Lord our righteousness."

We pray Thee pardon all our sinful past;
For our good deeds so called are but as "filthy rags."
We plead our guilt with hope for mercy at the last.
We yield our wills, and all that drags
Us down, and leads away from Thee;
The blood of Jesus our atoning plea:
"The Lord our righteousness."

Unto the Hills.

When break the angry waves o'er all my bark,
When lower the threatening clouds so densely dark,
When wings the stormy petrel o'er the main,
And further effort unavailing, vain;
Unto the hills of God I lift mine eyes,
Whence cometh all my help in sweet surprise.

When as the heavy plummet sinks the heart,
Beneath the anxious fears that arrow-dart;
When as the hue of morn, the reddened lid;
With ceaseless dropping, dropping tears enthrid;
Unto the hills of God I lift mine eyes,
Whence cometh all my help in sweet surprise.

When drops the day in restless night's unrest,
When breathes in quietness the troublous breast,
When no tomorrow's morn doth rise in hope,
And life hath lost the firstling reach of scope;
Unto the hills of God I lift mine eyes,
Whence cometh all my help in sweet surprise.

My Peace.

"My peace I leave with you tonight,
My peace I wholly give to you;
Not as the world doth give, but true;
That keeps the heart from all affright:
That stays it on God's will, despite
The days of trouble that accrue.
My peace I leave with you tonight,
My peace I wholly give to you.

"So let your heart be hopeful, light
With all the cheer of faith; in lieu
Of clouding o'er its sunny hue,
With fears that shut it to all sight.
My peace I leave with you tonight."

Resting in God's Love.

"No good thing will He withhold me:"
I am resting in His love.
Seeming ill but turns to blessing,
When I walk with God thereof.

Whatsoe'er His will denies me,
'Tis for love of me alone.
His withholding my rejoicing,
For His will is now mine own.

"All things, Lord, to work together,
For my best and highest good?"
Shall I ever know the measure,
Of Thy loving fatherhood?
I will take whate'er Thou sendest,
Resting ever in Thy love;
Pain or loss, or grief or crosses,
All will change to joys above.

Out of the Depths.

Out of the depths my prayer ascends;
Out of the depths I cry;
To Thee, O Lord, the friend of friends,
If helpless, left to die.

Out of the depths my heart aspires;
Out of the depths I pray;
To Thee, dear Lord, the soul's desires,
If doubt but darkens day.

Out of the depths my thought extends;
Out of the depths I fly;
To Thee, my Lord, the great amends,
For every heart-felt sigh.

Out of the depths my soul uplifts;
Out of the depths I rise;
To Thee, great Lord, the gift of gifts,
The love that never dies.

Peace be Still.

Peace, peace be still, ye angry waves!
Your Master speaketh now:
Lie quiet in your tranquil graves,
And calm your troubled brow.

Peace, peace be still, ye storms of life!
Your Lord is in the ship:
To hush the anger of your strife,
He will with power equip.

Peace, peace be still, ye troublous breast!
Your Saviour lieth still:
Repose upon His heart of rest,
His blessed, loving will.

Peace, peace be still, ye doubting mind!
Your Christ is very God:
He riseth now to you remind,
The only faith will laud.

In Thy Hand.

The mist of night o'erveils the light,
A haze hangs over all;
I may not see the far aright,
Unless I hear His call:
"Look unto me who holds each strand;
Thy times are in my hand."

So when the veil shall lift for aye,
A scene of sweet delight;
A rare surprise of heart shall play,
O'er new awaking sight;
To know it in the dear homeland:
My times are in Thy hand.

"NOTHING."

"Nothing!" Yet in it much for me.
Thou couldst not use a deeper word,
Nor one that holds such ministry
Of love, for all of life's discord:
"Nothing by any means shall e'er hurt thee."

What! nothing, Lord, of all I'll know
Of sorrow, trial, sickness, ruth?
But it must be if Thou sayst so:
Thou speakest but the word of truth.
Could any word more comfort thus bestow?

Or of Thy joy if this I see;
Or of Thy peace in every strife,
Whose issue is uncertainty,
Whose ending only is with life:
Yea, nothing hurts, or shall the life in Thee.

WHEN I'M AFRAID.

Dark, dark the clouds in heaven's scroll;
Near and more near resounding roll;
The angry lightnings flash and dart;
I shriek and moan, They'll pierce my heart!
Tho' in control I may not see,
When I'm afraid I'll trust in Thee.

High, high the mounting billows rise;
Wave over wave unceasing flies;
To fold, enfold as winding sheet;
Affright, I flee with winging feet:
Tho' in control I may not see,
When I'm afraid I'll trust in Thee.

Loud, loud the rending heavens rock;
Near, nearer the impending shock;
Heard now the angel's hurrying call;
O'erwhelmed, dismayed, I prostrate fall:
Tho' in control I may not see,
When I'm afraid I'll trust in Thee.

Soft, soft the stilling tempest calms;
Still and more still the wind becalms;
Lo, part the clouds to disappear;
The sunlight streams; all heaven's here!
Tho' in control I may not see,
When I'm afraid I'll trust in Thee.

Thy Peace.

"Peace, I leave with you." For me,
A memory, passing thought, no more?
Ah no! it is alone to be,
From Thine unfailing, copious store,
A heritage for evermore.

"My peace I give to you." A gift
That only is of all the best;
A shining through the clouds arift,
O'er troublous waters of unrest,
Like unto that within Thy breast.

"Not as the world give I to you."
Thou couldst not give such peace, ah no!
That for a moment is in view,
That's fitful as the winds that blow:
Thou givest of what Thou dost know.

"Let not your heart atroubled be:"
So Thou wouldst give the joy of soul,
That soars above the roughest sea,
To reach the near and nearing goal,
Where tides of trouble no more roll.

"Nor let it be afraid." Fearless as love
Doth solely make the fearful heart,
Wouldst Thou have me its power prove;
When Thou wouldst thus Thy peace impart,
To still to calm the frightened start.

Returning.

I will arise and go to Thee,
Nor longer in the desert pine;
Nor weary, faint, downhearted be,
When on Thy breast I may recline,
In perfect rest, complete repose;
Such as a child so fully knows:

I will arise and go to Thee,
Nor feed on husks, gaunt hunger's fare;
Nor blindly grope for sight to see,
Thy constant ever watchful care;
I'll fall the lower at Thy feet,
To pardon, peace, forgiveness meet.

I will arise and go to Thee,
Nor bear the burden of my woe;
Its keen reproach, scurrility,
Its repetend of blow on blow:
When now I hear the loving tone,
"Why leave me, child, so long alone?"

I will arise and go to Thee,
As Thou art calling, calling now,
In tenderest tones of sympathy;
In love I may not disavow:
I'm coming, Lord, I hear Thy voice;
Thy heart and mine, how they rejoice!

His Promise.

His parting promise is so dear;
Unfolding ever more and more,
For every hour and day of year:
"Lo, I'll be with you evermore."

Unfolding all the help I need,
If hardly pressed on every side;
Inciting to the noblest deed,
For so with me He is beside.

Unfolding all the strength I lack,
To battle with the fiercest foe;
Enabling me to turn the back,
To say to strong temptations, no.

Unfolding all the love I want,
To ever live His life for me;
Instilling what may nothing daunt,
To set, to keep me ever free.

No promise e'er so sweet as this,
Nor one that ever helps me more;
The strength of love is all its bliss:
"Lo, I'll be with you evermore."

"Cast Thy Burden on the Lord."

Art thou oppressed, O weary one!
 Doth aught thy spirit weigh?
Canst thou not see the rising sun,
 For clouds so black and gray?
Take, take for cheer His whispered word:
"Come, cast thy burden on the Lord."

Hast thou lost hope, discouraged one?
 Hope of a brighter day?
Hast no more heart the race to run,
 From setting of its ray?
To quick revive list to His word:
"Come, cast thy burden on the Lord."

Hast thou grown faint, O troubled one!
 From sorrows of the way?
Hast thought thine earthly work was done,
 When thou couldst sing no lay?
List to the sweetest ever heard:
"Come, cast thy burden on the Lord."

For He doth keep the trusting one,
 Who looks to Him alway,
As little children in their fun;
 As light of heart as they;
By His sustaining, helpful word:
"Come, cast thy burden on the Lord."

"Thus Thou Saith."

Only a day at a time,
 Completes the cycle of years.
Only a moment's slow climb,
 Reaches the hour of the spheres:
So lives a life in Thee, O Lord!
 Moment by moment in Thy breath,
Living on manna of Thy Word,
 Hearing but only, "Thus Thou saith."

Only an hour at a stretch,
 I may surely live for Thee;
Holding close Thy love in catch,
 Worsted I may never be.
A clearer grasp give me, O Lord,
 Of this the strength of life in death:
Living on manna of Thy Word,
 Hearing but only, "Thus Thou saith."

Only a moment's short length,
 I need even live but this;
With Thou inbreathing its strength,
 I may know ne'er more of bliss.
Moment by moment thus, O Lord,
 Dost Thou sustain the life in breath:
Living on manna of Thy Word,
 Hearing but only, "Thus Thou saith."

Only a second's brief span,
 No shorter mortal may live;
If it in multiples ran,
 The ages eternal would give.
The seconds kept by Thee, O Lord,
 Will never know a time of death:
Living on manna of Thy Word,
 Hearing but only, "Thus Thou saith."

His Reproach.

Out of His Word it came this morn,
With freshness, force unfelt before;
To pierce my heart as stinging thorn,
With its repetend o'er and o'er;
With its cadence of rise and fall:
Dost esteem His reproach above all?

Is it uppermost in my life,
In heart and action too?
With the trend of His thought so rife,
It keeps me purely true?
Ah me! to list nor heed recall:
Dost esteem His reproach above all?

He would exalt me very high,
To position, place above;
To range of view but few descry,
Save those anoint by love;
Save those who do obey the call:
Dost esteem His reproach above all?

Is it nothing, nothing to me,
His suffering life and death?
His love in its entirety,
His prayer's expiring breath?
'Tis not in heaven accounted small:
Dost esteem His reproach above all?

A Weaned Child.

Soft and softer fell the sobbing,
Of the little grieving child;
Slow and slower grew the throbbing,
Of the brain disordered, wild.

Sweet and sweeter, now the sleeping,
Of the tiny weaned heart;
Safe and safer in His keeping,
So the Lord but hath a part.

Still and stiller all my weeping,
As this little loving child;
Sure and surer now the reaping,
In the morning balmy, mild.

"The Lord is My Shepherd."

"The Lord my shepherd is:" nor shall I want
For any need that human e'er may know;
For from His full, exhaustless, flowing font,
He fills, supplies from but the overflow.

"The Lord my shepherd is:" in pastures green,
He makes me lie thro' all the weary day;
To lead me by the waters still, serene,
If I have wandered far from Him away.

"The Lord my shepherd is:" to so restore
My soul, to all the equipoise of His;
To lead me in His righteous paths the more,
For He, Jehovah, God almighty is.

"The Lord my shepherd is:" nor will I fear,
Thro' vale and shade of death with Him to walk;
With His supporting rod and staff so near,
I shall in confidence the fuller talk.

"The Lord my shepherd is:" He deigns to sup
With me when every friend is turned to foe;
The hurt with oil to all anoint; my cup
In his full hand with blessings doth o'er flow.

"The Lord my shepherd is:" so ne'er but good
Shall follow me throughout the day of life;
With heart uplift in praise and gratitude,
I'll dwell fore'er in house with Him all rife.

FORGIVE—FORGET.

To forgive is to forget;
And not harbor yet,
That grievance against thy brother:
But to remember no more for ever.

"Thou casteth my sins behind Thy back:"
And not on the track,
To confront me in the future;
But in forgetful silence for ever.

"I'll cast them in the depths of the sea:"
And not on the lea,
To be passed in review;
But in watery depths for ever.

To forget is divine;
Those wrongs of thine,
Which you've forgiven in your brother:
To be thought of no more for ever.

"GIVE ME THY HEART."

I heard a still voice saying,
"Give me, my child, thy heart;
Give it with no delaying,
I'll cleanse it every part.

"I'll write my law within it,
My one great law of love;
And seal it with my signet,
To free from sin thereof.

"I'll make it thus for ever,
My dwelling-place to be;
So nothing e'er shall sever,
The heart of thee and me."

Obedience.

"I would give all, yea, all I have
Of body, mind, estate;
Of riches wrought by moil of brain,
Of living with the great;
If by my sacrifice I win,
The ease of soul afreed from sin.

"Ah me! the days and wearier nights,
By stress of heart and thought;
By knowing I am now reject,
Am now the unbesought:
This cloud hath darkened all my day,
For I His word did disobey."

Thus mused he, till aheard the word,
Spake by the prophet old:
"Than sacrifice the offerings burnt,
The fat of rams untold,
'Tis better far in every way,
To hearken and His word obey."

The far and farthering heights of love,
That distance all the plain;
That open out the vistas new,
But in this way obtain:
'Tis but obedience' step and round,
That lifteth to the higher ground.

The knowledge of His will is known;
The freedom of His thought;
The justice, mercy like His own,
Are only by it taught:
If ye would scale the heights for aye,
But hearken and His word obey.

"SHOW US THE FATHER."

"Show us the Father:" we would see His face,
In all its plenitude of grace;
In the illuming by the inner light,
Veiled from the ken of mortal sight,
That is the glory of the hidden word:
"And it sufficeth, Lord."

"Show us the Father:" we would know the mind,
Which unto that of man is kind;
But which is most unlike in breadth, extent,
As it hath neither limit, stent;
And but with height of power is ever stirred:
"And it sufficeth, Lord."

"Show us the Father:" we would feel the heart,
That beats with love in every part;
That but with tenderness doth ever move,
When we with sympathy need prove;
The heart that to the need is ne'er unstirred:
"And it sufficeth, Lord."

The Quickening Touch.

Nestling in a quiet valley,
Looking o'er Esdraelon's plain;
Tabor's mount scarce two hours journey,
Lies the city, pleasant Nain.
"Beautiful for situation,"
As a pearl on nature's mount;
Fairer still for 'sociation,
With our Saviour's life and fount.

See! a long procession's moving,
Slowly from the city's gate;
Loud and louder grows the wailing,
Allah! Allah! sad the state:
For today in yonder city,
Passed away at break of dawn,
One so fair, so bright, so witty,
Graced with all of nature's crown:
All beholding could but love him,
He, a widow's only son.

Do you see that little company,
Coming slowly o'er the lea?
Worn and weary with their journey,
Are they known to you and me?
As they near the sad procession,
Wending slowly from the gate,
Hushed in awe and expectation,
Lo, the Master bids them wait.

Casting look of deep compassion,
On the stricken mother near,
Sweetly sound His words of comfort,
"Weep not, daughter, I am here."
Mighty power without an effort,
Exercised in touching bier.

O the quickening touch of Jesus!
What amazing power it hath.
See! the widow's son ariseth;
Wakens from the sleep of death.

We, alas, are also sleeping;
"Dead in trespasses and sin:"
Steeped to death in selfish living,
Deaf to warning voice within.
Is there aught of an awakening,
From the deadly night of sin?
Yes, the light of day is dawning,
Lo! the Daystar shines within.

Roused at last from slothful sleeping,
By the Saviour's quickening touch,
Up we rise to newer living,
Free at last from sin's close clutch.
O the quickening touch of Jesus!
How it wakens into life,
All the dormant good within us,
Born anew to endless life.

THE TRANSFORMATION.

Beauteous the land of blessing,
Flowing o'er with milk and honey;
Moistened with the dew of heaven,
Watered by the limpid springlet;
Rich the soil of plain and valley:
Yielding large increase to labor.
Flocks of sheep and herds of cattle,
Flatten on her emerald pasture.
Trees of olive and of cedar,
Trees of fig, of myrrh, of aloe,

Trees of palm and trees of cassia,
Furnish wealth for their possessor.
Clambering vines o'er every hillside,
Bearing luscious grapes of Eschol,
Turn to wine of sweetest vintage.
Land delightsome to the traveller,
For her grand and varied scenery:
Upland rich to lowland fertile,
Vine-clad hill to snow-capped mountain,
Placid lake to flowing river.
Picturesque the scenes of beauty,
Charming sight of each beholder.
Land enriched by sacred story,
Lovely, hallowed Palestina.

In this blessed land of promise,
In the Galilean country,
Situate on lowly foothill,
Sleeps the far-famed town of Cana:
Famed in song and olden story.
Flitting through its narrow bylanes,
On her daily round of mercy,
Hies the noble maiden, Mary:
Loved, admired by all the townfolk,
For her gentle ministrations.
Wings unseen, unheard, unfolding,
Shine to all with light angelic:
Worshipping her faerie footprints.

On the shore of blue Gennesaret,
In Capernaum's fair city,
Dwelt a youth of noble lineage:
Youth of upright life and conduct.
True disciple of the Master,
Who had cured him of a fever;
Wrought by word of power from Cana,
Through the great faith of his father.

He was come to wed the maiden,
Cana's fair and noble daughter:
For he long had loved the damsel,
For her sweet and gentle virtues.

List! the nuptial bell is pealing,
Invitation to the wedding:
"Come, ye kinsfolk, friends and neighbors,
Come, make merry at the feasting."
One is come the guest of honor,
One whose fame has spread to Cana;
He, whom all delight to honor,
For His miracles of healing;
Lo, the Master, with His mother:
Who rejoices in our pleasure,
Sympathizes in our sorrow.

She the blessed 'mong all women,
Blest in having, blest in rearing,
Her divine and human offspring;
Long had pondered, oft had marvelled,
At the wonderful unfolding,
Of the life divine in human.
Calling now her son's attention,
To the one essential lacking,
For enjoyment of the feasting,
Spake in tones of low entreaty:
"No wine have we for the wedding."
"Woman, that concerns me little,
For mine hour is not yet given."
Nothing daunted by His answer,
Full of faith in power of Jesus,
Spake she to the waiting servants:
"Whatsoe'er He bids you, do it."

See the look of wonder growing,
On those awe-struck, simple faces!
Water into wine is pouring,
From the brim-filled earthen pitchers;
Wine of rarest, sweetest vintage,
Thus affirms the feast's chief ruler,
Drinking joy to bridal couple.
What hath wrought it? whose the power?
Heart of faith and love makes answer,
'Twas the Master's word of power.

One short year of wedded rapture,
In Edenic garden tasted;
Ere the trail of slimy serpent,
Fouled the fount of living water.
See! a bright, white spot is showing,
On the tinted skin of Mary,
That knew neither spot nor blemish:
She the loveliest of women.
Day by day, another, 'nother,
Till the fleshly arm is covered,
With those ugly, white-haired blotches.
Thought too startling far to utter,
Blanches cheek and chills the life-blood,
Coursing through the veins and arteries.
Only one can lay the trouble,
Or dispel the dire delusion,
Looming large on thought horizon.
Hasting straightway on the morrow,
To the priest of nearby temple,
Has confirmed her dread suspicion.
Looking on her with great pity,
She, the beautiful, the comely,
Fairest of all Cana's daughters,
Spake he but in grief and horror:
"O, my child, thou art a leper!"
Crushed in heart, in mind, in spirit,

By this awful, sore affliction,
Tempted soul doth raise the question:
"What great sin have I committed,
That I must become an outcast,
From my near and dear of kindred,
From my home and from my husband?
O my God! Thou only knowest.

Time hath wrought such woful changes,
In the sylph-like form of Mary,
In the cameo-cut features,
By the worst of all diseases,
Those who knew her, know no longer:
She the leper, now an outcast.
In her hours of isolation,
Brooding o'er her desolation,
She bethought her of the Master,
Who had cured her husband's fever;
Who had made sweet wine of water,
When much needed at her wedding.
Hope's elixir acts like cordial,
On her drooping, suffering spirit:
"He, who heals the worst diseases;
Surely, He can cure the leper."
Coming 'long the dusty highway,
Moves a little knot of travellers;
Walking slowly, walking weary,
With the heat of noontide journey.
See them pause and shrink and falter,
As they look upon the leper!

Mary scans each face and figure,
Hoping, fearing to behold Him.
Will He shun her like the others,
When He hears the woful outcry?
He, the good, the pure, the holy,

Shrinks not from the vilest sinner,
Even though the sin be hateful.
See His look of great compassion,
Tenderness and heart of pity,
When He hears the piercing outcry!
He, the gift of all the greatest,
Breathing wondrous love of Father,
For a world of guilty sinners,
Heals the soul as well as body.
Stretching out His hand of healing,
Lo, the sudden transformation!
Here a leper, now the woman,
Beautiful in form and feature.

The Healing Touch.

No fretted vault nor cloister green,
Nor tablet reared to memory's shrine,
Nor lucent pane of hallowed scene,
Nor intoned prayer, nor lyre divine,
Lends aught of beauty, or of charm,
To Jewish fane or temple-shrine.
Within four walls without a glint
Of Angelo touch, or Raphael tint,
The Jew doth meet to read and pray.
On lofty eminence it lay,
Of Tabernacle form and shape:
Jerusalem its entrance view;
The mecca of the pilgrim Jew.
Within remote from entry door,
Stands ark-like chest for sacred scroll.
An eight-branched lamp all gilded o'er,
A dim religious light divides,
When lit by priest at eventide.
A centre dais well in reach,
From which uprose the pulpit-desk;

Where teacher read or sat to teach:
While round in orient posture lay,
The listening throng who rose to pray.

At hour of even sacrifice,
On day apart from all the rest,
Which God hath hallowed and hath blessed,
The people met to praise and pray.
Behold the Teacher of the day,
As He unrolls the sacred scroll!
The presence grave, the face divine,
Illumined by the lucent soul:
Unfailing spring of wisdom's source,
No man spake words of greater force.

See yonder, there by entrance door!
A form so bent, so doubled o'er,
The wonder grows, how came it there?
It must have come upon all four.
What is it, satyr, gnome or beast?
O startling sight! to see at last,
A woman in God's image cast:
But Satan-bound, lo, eighteen years.
No fear of scorn, or grief, or tears,
Hath kept from sanctuary's goal,
This sorely tried and stricken soul.
Her need too great for pardoned sin,
To heed the gibe, the jeer, the grin.

The Master reads it at a glance,
The yearning heart, the sin-sick soul;
He bids the wretched come to Him,
For He can make the sinner whole.
He meets the seeking soul with cheer:
"Come, daughter, thou hast naught to fear."
How slowly, painfully obeys,
The helpless cripple of those days!

Tho' spirit would outwing its shape.
A miracle beyond all thought,
By touch of mighty power is wrought.
His healing touch works instant change,
To crippled frame and visual range.
She stands erect from fetters free,
Fair, beautiful in form to see.
Her grateful heart in love and laud,
Gives glory to a mighty God.

Isaiah's roll of hidden lore,
Unrolls to thought of precious ore,
When read by Christ its life and light:
"On me the Spirit of the Lord,
Anoints for preaching to the poor,
The gospel of His holy Word:
The broken-hearted sends to heal;
Deliverance to the captives deal;
To blind recovery of their sight:
To free the captives Satan-bound."
He closed the book of life and light,
And looking earnestly around,
He spake with tone from love distilled:
"This day, these words have been fulfilled."

POEMS OF EXHORTATION.

The Lost Soul.

"Ethereal spirit, brightest of the host,
Blest guardian of the flesh-embodied soul,
So near, the nearest if the needed most,
How hast thou writ the day upon thy scroll?

"No morn more beauteous broke in lucent light,
The fair unveiling of the near unseen;
In soft resplendence hath it closed as white,
Or hath it not a beam of brightness seen?

"Methinks it sadly shut in somber shade,
So shrouded o'er the lightness of thy look;
So downcast all thy mien, so sore dismayed,
Alas! alas! I may not be mistook."

"Thou thinkest rightly, O thou spirit sweet!
My heart is closing as the lidded eye,
With grief too heavy but for leaden feet,
Without the joy of spreading wing to try.

"I dreamed o'erlong to save a soul in sin,
As fair and pure as ever saw the light;
So noble, upright in its entering in,
So black its going out as starless night.

"It promised well to run the fitful race,
In training long to gain the goal at length;
Nor was it lacking any lissome grace,
But oft repeated failures shorn its strength.

"Tho' oft I whispered, courage, in the ear,
When fainting 'neath the burden of the way,
More oft I breathed, Look up; thy help is near:
When overcome by all the tempter's sway.

"But as it deep and deeper sunk in mire,
The faith and strength it started with were lost;
Helpless to rise, too weak to more aspire,
The race was lost at a tremendous cost."

So sorrow they who hover o'er us here,
Who tell us of the mighty One to save;
Who fain would raise us by His voice of cheer,
While we, alas! will hear it but in grave.

HAPPINESS.

O happy ye, that do His word,
That have no wish but His dear will!
That keep in trial sweetly still,
Living as lived the loving Lord.

As if it were His own, He heard
The Father's will to thus fulfill.
O happy ye, that do His word,
That have no wish but His dear will.

A peace, great peace doth it afford;
As nothing may nor more instil,
Immunity from fear of ill,
In all with wills thus in accord:
O happy ye, that do His word!

Comfort.

O comfort ye! His people all,
With His most gracious word, recall,
To end the suffering night in day,
 O'erlit with beatific ray,
For sin's pervasive, pensile pall;
That crushes spirit, life, yea, all
Of courage, hope there is at call:
 In His divine appointed way,
 O comfort ye!

For pardons He awhile you pray,
As He in grace delights alway;
In many mercies great, nor small,
Whose rich ripe fruit o'erhangs the wall,
To gladden all with naught to pay:
 O comfort ye!

Awake.

Awake, awake, fresh courage take!
 The dawn of morn is here;
Anew with me the feast partake,
 The feast of joyous cheer.

Up, up with hope, ye doubting soul!
 The mist of night doth clear;
No more the clouds may o'er you roll,
 The Daystar doth appear.

Arouse ye from the dormant sleep,
 That paralyzes cheer!
No more give o'er the heart to weep,
 The sunlight streameth near.

Behold, behold the glorious day,
 That ends the night of fear!
To wing the soul away, away,
 To Christ's illuming sphere.

Ask-Seek-Knock.

Ask, ask of me, ye troubled heart!
 Ask for your daily need:
I dress the lily by my art,
 And oft the raven feed.

Seek, seek of me, ye restless heart!
 The peace ye nowhere find;
As 'tis of me integral part,
 My blessing to mankind.

Knock, knock my door, ye waiting heart!
 It openeth wide to you;
But enter so I may impart,
 My joy to you e'en too.

The Lost Gift.

Why art thou grieving so, dear heart?
 What is chasing the smiles away?
I thought to heal my own fresh smart,
 By the cheer of thy face this day.
"Alas! I've grieved my greatest Friend,
 By neglecting His gift so dear:
He gave it me to water, tend,
 But I left it to dry and sear.

"It was so pretty, pretty to see,
 Pure as the snowdrop pearly pure:
I thought no gift like it could be,
 As peace and joy it did ensure.
I put it by to safely keep;
 To losing it thus gave no heed:
But when I waked as from a sleep,
 Lo! gone it was as wind-blown seed.

"From out His heart to me it came,
The essence of His entity;
To bless me with the glowing flame,
Of all its own divinity:
But oft I quenched it by neglect,
To hurt the Giver in the gift.
Alas! without it I am wrecked:
Life holds no other in its shift."

I pray thee sorrow thus no more;
'Twill quickly grow for thee anew,
If thou but give it greater store,
To spread, enlarge its richer hue.
It was not given to thee alone,
But for thy brother's greater need;
So used it will thy sins atone:
The flower of love in fruitful deed.

So Live.

So live that no tomorrow may be darker for the day;
So walk that no self-sorrow may be marker for the way.

So think that no deterrent may impede the spirit's flight;
So act that no recurrent may implead the higher light.

So hear that no discordant may mar the melody;
So be that no concordant may bar the harmony.

So see that no illusion may becloud the inner sight;
So will that no collusion may enshroud the sense of right.

So do that no undoing may haunt thee from the past;
So die that no ill-wooing may daunt thee at the last.

The Holy Cross.

See, see, oh see! my little child,
On yonder mount so rugged, wild,
A form, a shape in contour mild:
It is, it is the holy cross!

Engraven there by unseen hand,
To last as long as earth shall stand,
A picture we can ne'er withstand:
It is, it is the holy cross!

A striking symbol upraised high,
A symbol of the way to die;
To daily live, to self deny:
It is, it is the holy cross!

To show us lest we should forget,
The way to live life's fevered fret;
The only way it may be met:
It is, it is the holy cross!

To keep in mind His way of death,
His love for us in failing breath;
His life of suffering—all it saith:
It is, it is the holy cross!

Suffer to be Strong.

Suffer to be strong;
But suffer not the wrong,
Lest thou but weaker grow,
Lest thou no peace should know:
The roughest storms that blow,
But waft the earth dust from thy wings,
To free thy mount for higher things;
 To breathe empyreal air.

Suffer to be strong;
But suffer not the wrong,
Lest thou impairment know,
Of the Spirit's inner flow,
In tempering thus His glow:
The ills that most assail,
Come so thou shouldst prevail,
 With God in prayer.

Suffer to be strong;
But suffer not the wrong,
Lest thou but darkness know,
In putting out the glow,
By yielding to it so:
The sorrows that o'erweigh,
Are sent thee to convey,
 His love's lost fare.

If God be Thy God.

It shall be light about thee,
 Tho' dark and cloudy be the day;
It shall be love without thee,
 Tho' lonely be the living way:
If God eternal be thy God,
With Christ supernal thou be shod.

It shall be heaven within thee,
Tho' thou on earth dost only dwell;
Peace only shall be in thee,
Tho' raging round the storms of hell:
If God dost walk with thee in white,
If with Christ's love thou be alight.

The Father's House.

In the Father's house, will ye feel at home,
Will ye feel at home, my dear,
When ye enter in to no more roam,
From the hearthstone's homely cheer?
Will ye feel at home, my dear,
For the like of it e'en here?

The Father's house, will it seem like home,
Will it seem like home, my dear,
The holy chancel, cathedal dome,
In form of the cross as here?
Will it seem like home, my dear,
Because ye have worshipped here?

In the Father's house, will ye be at home,
Will ye be at home, my dear,
When the swell of the hallelujah po'm,
Rings out in the silence clear?
Will ye be at home, my dear,
Because ye have sung it here?

Will none but the Father's house be home,
Will none other be home, my dear,
For all you've learned in the holy tome,
Of His dwelling place of cheer?
Will none other be home, my dear,
For what you've known of it here?

Waiting.

Art thou waiting, stilly waiting,
 In the dipping of the night,
For the sliding of the grating,
 That imprisons all the light?
Thou with peace art purely shod,
Waiting on the Lord thy God.

Art thou waiting, softly waiting,
 In the hushing of the eve,
For the storm's slow, sure abating,
 Tho' the falling furrows leave?
Thou with comfort full art shod,
Waiting on the Lord thy God.

Art thou waiting, sweetly waiting,
 In the flushing of the morn,
For the day a-freshly mating,
 With the one so newly born?
Thou with love art softly shod,
Waiting on the Lord thy God.

What Are You Doing?

What are you doing, my brother,
 In the moments flitting by,
To turn the heart of another,
 To the Lord your God most high?

Refrain:

O what are you doing, doing,
 For the Christ uplifted high?
How many souls are you wooing,
 For His garnering by and by?

What are the words you are saying,
In the moments flitting by,
To turn the wanderer from straying,
To the Lord your God most high?

What is the life you are living,
In the moments flitting by,
To lead another in giving,
To the Lord your God most high?

What is the love you are showing,
In the moments flitting by,
To fire every heart to glowing,
For the Lord your God most high?

THE PENTACOSTAL BLESSING.

In an upper chamber gathered,
Heart and mind in close accord,
Many earnest souls were waiting,
For the blessing from their Lord:
Ten long days they prayed and fasted,
Searching heart for secret sin;
Casting out for thorough cleansing,
Making room for Christ within.

Pentacostal day was dawning,
Fair and bright o'er Juda's hill;
Suddenly without a warning,
Jesus came their hearts to fill:
Gifts of mind, of heart, of utterance,
Of advantage to the kirk,
Come when Jesus takes possession,
To complete His crowning work.

Go to Pentacost for blessing,
 Ye, who lack the gift of power;
Wait on Christ for thorough cleansing,
 He will give you greater dower:
Broader, higher, richer, sweeter,
 All your after life will be;
For the Pentacostal blessing,
 Winning souls for Christ and thee.

Look Up, Lift Up.

Look up, look up to Jesus,
 Look up to the Most High;
Let not the fears that seize us,
 Prevail to close the eye:
For He with faith will strengthen,
 The feeblest that but try;
And He with joy will lengthen,
 The days of by and by.

Lift up the drooping spirit,
 Lift up the feeble cry;
Let naught of earth dispirit,
 For He is ever nigh:
With ear to hear the sorrow,
 The burden of the sigh;
To give a new tomorrow,
 That puts all trouble by.

WHAT WOULD YE DO FOR ME?

What would ye do for me?
Ye, who are taught of God,
Ye, who go softly shod,
Who have the bread to spare,
Who have the clothes to wear,
What would ye do for me?

Would ye minister for me?
To all outside the door,
To poor with running sore,
To outcast of the street,
To beggar at your feet,
Would ye minister for me?

Would ye enfold in love?
To give the kiss of greet,
The sympathy so sweet,
The clasp of kin with kin,
No matter what the sin,
Would ye enfold in love?

Ye would win the soul for me;
If ye my love thus show,
If ye no difference know,
If ye a brother see,
In all humanity:
Ye would win the soul for me.

"CAST ALL YOUR CARES ON ME."

Why will ye for the morrow take,
An anxious thought or care?
Shall I not for you undertake,
What you so fear to bear?

Are not your times within my hand,
To shape them for your good?
Why will ye thus misunderstand,
The love that ye withstood?

Why will ye grieve me by the plaint,
That puts my love in doubt?
And on unfaith place no restraint,
When that doth crowd me out?

Ye may be lightsome as the bird,
That carols forth his glee;
If ye will but obey the word:
"Cast all your care on me."

The Way.

This is the way, O child of love!
This is the way for you;
I've gone before to it prepare,
So walk ye in it too.

Let not its roughness trouble you,
I'll keep you wholly shod;
Nor let its straitness turn you back,
It leadeth but to God.

Turn neither to the right nor left,
Keep but the goal in view;
And I your spirit will refresh,
With living water new.

I'll company you along the way,
And brace you with my love;
So fear not, child, to do my will,
It leadeth straight above.

HAVE YE HEARD OF HIM?

Have ye heard of Him, the mighty,
Him the wonderful to save;
Jesus, Son of the Almighty,
How He raises from the grave?

How He heals the brokenhearted,
Binding up the bleeding wound;
How with power His touch is started,
To give health to all around?

How He cures the worst affliction,
By His word of untold power;
Giving self with no restriction,
For the need of every hour?

Gather so ye all about Him,
Ye, who with the hurt are sore;
Ye, who may not do without Him,
Gather round about Him more.

Health of soul He'll give you newly,
Which to body is the health;
And Himself He'll give you truly,
Which of life is but the wealth.

BEAR EACH OTHER'S BURDENS.

"Bear ye one another's burdens:"
All the heartache and the woe;
Enter into all the suffering,
Each is called to undergo:
Bear them to the arms of Jesus,
To His sympathizing love;
He will give the power to free you,
To fulfill His law thereof.

"Bear ye one another's burdens:"
All the burden of the sin;
Of mistakes and of wrong doing,
When discouraged, faint within:
Bear them to the blood of Jesus,
To the suffering of His cross;
He from them will straight release you,
To give gain where all was loss.

To the Word.

Back to the Word and its story,
Back to the prophets old;
List to the sages so hoary,
Hear what they will unfold:
Knowledge direct from the fountain;
Wisdom that comes from God;
Light from the crest of the mountain,
Love from the angels' laud.

List to the Cross and its story,
Story of suffering love;
See in its halo of glory,
That of the Father above:
Hear it with ears but of hearing,
See it with seeing sight;
Live in the love so endearing,
Die in its hallowed light.

Receive Ye Him.

Receive ye Him and ye receive Christ's gift,
The greatest that can e'er the soul uplift;
The other Comforter; to you befriend,
To guide, companion with you to the end:
Receive, receive ye Him.

Receive ye Him in fullness of His might,
The ear to deaf, the eye to blind for sight;
The sweet consoler in the hour of ruth,
The sole revealer of the Father's truth:
Receive, receive ye Him.

Receive ye Him that in you He may dwell,
To be through life an ever springing well,
Of wisdom, light, and spiritual power;
Of inspiration for the wasteless hour:
Receive, receive ye Him.

Receive ye Him and ye receive the call,
To minister unto the least of all;
To give your life if needs be for His sake,
That so the hungry may His bread partake:
Receive, receive ye Him.

Receive ye Him that in you Christ may be,
Expression of the blessed Trinity;
In thought, in word, in act, in life of love,
In a relationship you'll thus know of:
Receive, receive ye Him.

Hold With Prayer.

Hold up the hands with prayer:
Wearied of want and care;
Worn with the struggle and moil;
Feebled with fullness of toil.

Hold up the mind with prayer:
Distracted drawn to despair;
Harried by ceaseless strain;
Stressed with the lust of gain.

Hold up the heart with prayer:
Hurt by the losses, bare;
Reft of the loved one's smile;
Bleeding at every spile.

Hold up the soul with prayer:
Taken in Satan's snare;
Battling the hosts of wrong;
Hold with the prayer and song.

The Crown.

Have ye come to the crown of the cross,
To the sorrowful, shining way?
The accounting of all as dross,
That ye may behold His day?
Ye are jewelled with gem so rare,
Found but in the kingdom above:
The fairest of all the fair,
The wondrous pearl of His love.

That refines all there is of dross,
To the gold exceeding fine;
Of the daily life, the cross,
To the life that is but divine:
To the kingdom without a stent,
You've from heir to possessor become;
In all of its breadth, content,
To the love that is its sum.

Come Away.

"Rise up, my love, my fair one, come away."
Come where the lillies sweetly bloom;
Come where the roses softly stray;
Come where the living fountains play;
Come where the shadows leave no gloom;
"Rise up, my love, my fair one, come away."

Come where His life is breath for aye;
Come where His smile is on the air;
Come where His feet are on the way;
Come where the night is ever day;
Come where His love is sweetest care;
"Rise up, my love, my fair one, come away."

Betrothal.

Why wilt thou woo another love,
Another heart to pulse with thine?
When mine would make a heaven thereof,
A life that wholly is divine.

I would betroth thee unto me,
In love that never is untrue;
That changeth never as the sea,
That e'er is faithful, fond and true.

I would betroth thee unto me,
In love that is for aye and aye;
That knoweth but eternity,
That passeth nor with cloud away.

I would betroth thee unto me,
In righteousness and judgment too;
In loving kindnesses, mercy:
That thou know me, the Lord most true.

Half Starved.

"What aileth you, my dear, dear child?
Ye look so peaked, thin;
So half starved like, and aye so wild,
What have ye taken in?"

I've fed on husks this many year;
My own and others' thought;
Until my soul is dry and sere,
And I have come to naught.

I thought I knew what was the good;
What would uplift my soul:
But on the sand I've only stood,
To miss the long sought goal.

"If you will come to me, my child,
And listen to my thought;
'Twill be to you the undefiled,
The wisdom to be sought.

" 'Twill be to you the strength of meat,
If at my Word ye knock:
For you the finest of the wheat,
The honey from the rock.

"This but the means of growth, my child,
The eating of my Word:
'Twill keep you sweet and pure and mild,
While stalwart as the herd."

The Prayer-List.

What of the prayer-list, Christian?
Is it growing year by year?
Embraces it the neighbor strange,
As well as friend so dear?

The one you had a difference with;
The one who wronged you sore;
Who misconstrued your every word;
Defamed you o'er and o'er.

How else dost ever pray His prayer,
Dost enter in His joy:
Unless thou lovest as He loved,
The soul with its alloy.

A Mother's Word.

Come here, my child, I fain would say,
What presses on my heart today:
What, if you'll follow as your rule,
Will quick advance you in Christ's school.

So slow of heart and mind was I,
To see the truth did in it lie;
And thinking mine the better way,
In oft refusing to obey.

But when I heard the inner voice,
That called on me to make a choice,
I let God's will be but my will;
To find it did Christ's peace instil.

And when His word was thus my word,
I only in the silence heard,
What lifted me from day to day,
Up the far heights of Heaven's way.

Obedience is the only rule,
That will advance you in Christ's school:
Learn it, my child, and learn it well,
If you with Christ would only dwell.

Where Are the Children.

Are the children in? Have they heard the call?
It is growing late to the evenfall;
And the sunset hues are fading fast,
Now the glory of day is overpast.

Are the children in? or lingering yet,
When the dew is damp and the night is wet;
When the lure of pleasure leadeth way
From the safety of home and heaven for aye.

Are the children in? aye, one and all?
I'm hearing the Master's soft footfall;
And He's calling now each one by name,
Are the children in, that they hear the same?

POEMS OF CHRISTMAS.

Christmas Chimes.

List! list! to their sweet chiming,
 Those silvery soft-toned bells.
O hear them slowly timing,
 "On earth the Christ child dwells!"

What glad good news they're ringing!
 How loud the music swells!
What cheer to sad hearts bringing,
 "On earth the Christ child dwells!"

Each, each with other vying,
 The strain so joyous wells:
Hear, hear them all replying,
 "On earth the Christ child dwells!"

Peace and good will is coming,
 Each joy bell joyous tells:
Else how could they be humming,
 "On earth the Christ child dwells!"

It tunes my heart to singing,
 The anthem of those bells;
Its gloom, despair outringing:
 "On earth the Christ child dwells!"

The Song Immortal.

Adown the ages swells the strain,
 Of that immortal song;
Which lifts all earth to heaven again,
 In praise our hearts prolong:
'Tis wafted to the sea and air,
 'Tis borne by every breeze;
Alive with thought, instinct with prayer,
 It rustles through the trees.

'Twas sung in heaven to hearts rejoice,
 Ere heard by aught of earth:
Attuned to melody of voice,
 By Him who gave it birth.
Angelic tongues so swelled the praise,
 It lifted heaven's gate;
To charm to transport with its lays,
 The shepherds' wondering wait.

O list its praise anew this morn,
 So fraught to earth with joy!
Let peace its symphony adorn,
 The heart that ills annoy:
Let it uplift the sorrowed night,
 To heaven's transporting lay;
To all the glory of the light,
 That ushers in Christ's day.

Sing, sing, O sing it with the heart!
 With all the power of thought;
So it may more and more impart,
 The love so full inwrought:
"All glory be to God most high;
 To men good will and peace:
 For born this day to you so nigh,
 The Christ who brings release."

THE GIFT OF GIFTS.

Hast come, O Peace, to earth at last,
O'erwearied with her struggles past?
Arrayed in robe so undefiled,
Who art Thou, but the heaven-born child?

Didst come when skies were all aglow;
When earth was heaven here below?
So lovesome Thou, so gentle, mild,
Who art Thou, but the heaven-born child?

Didst hear the echoes of that song,
Which rapt the earth in silence long?
'Twas all of Thee, the good, the mild;
Who art Thou, but the heaven-born child?

What Thou wouldst bring the human race,
The crying ills Thou wouldst efface,
The blessings of Thy rule so mild:
Who art Thou, but the heaven-born child?

O Peace! Thou art the gift of gifts!
The only one my heart uplifts;
But Thou canst change my nature wild:
Who art Thou, but the heaven-born child?

The Shepherd's Story.

O'er moor and meadow, reedy fen,
O'er crag and torrent, rocky glen,
To pastures green and waters still,
We wandered with our flock at will;
Until the day drew to the night,
Until each star shone out to sight:
And thus that night upon the wold,
We passed with flock far from the fold.

The night was crystal as the light,
And full with stars the blue to sight;
And we upon the hillside lone,
Attending to the flock our own,
A light unearthly bright beheld,
As it a heavenly presence held:
A visitant from out the sphere,
That mortal men come not anear.

"Fear not:" quoth he of radiant wing,
"Good tiding of great joy I bring;
For born this day in Bethlehem stall,
The Lord a Saviour to you all."
And with the shining one straightway,
The host a-praising God to say,
"Glory to God in highest:" then,
"Peace and good will on earth to men."

We flew as if on winged feet,
The blessed babe to seek and greet;
And there as just to us foretold,
We found what joy may never hold:
The advent to a world of night,
Of Him who only is its light.
Thus evermore that angel-song,
Shall with its peace our praise prolong.

LENTEN POEMS.

How Much for Thee.

Thy face, Thy grief-stained face,
Is with me wake or sleep; naught will efface
 That look of agony:
The suffering brow so bravely borne,
The might of love so sweetly worn:
 This all, this all for me?
 How much for Thee!

Thy form, Thy fragile form,
I see it clearly in the day of storm,
 O'erweight so heavily:
The shoulders, body, all o'erbowed,
The fainting spirit 'neath the load:
 This all, this all for me?
 How much for Thee!

Thy crown, Thy cross's crown,
Upraised in heart-brake woe for love's renown,
 Is drawing mightily:
The love would only be divine,
The portrait could be only Thine:
 This all, this all for me?
 How much for Thee!

The Teaching of the Cross.

Look ye, look ye upon it,
 The cross of suffering love;
That read ye what is on it,
 The message from above:
The message of His suffering,
 Of strongest love, the strong:
"Forgive them, Father, everything;
 They know not whom they wrong."

So nor to harbor hatred,
Nor 'gainst a brother aught;
So e'er to hold as sacred,
The lesson therein taught:
To care each for the other,
Is likewise taught thereto,
In, "Son, behold thy mother:"
To her, "See thy Son new."

That when the ill o'ertaketh,
And set the sun of day,
The morn of heaven breaketh;
As penitent ye pray,
"Oh Lord, me but remember,
When com'st to kingdom Thine:"
To hear that you're a member,
Of householder divine.

To ask your heart the query,
The query put in truth,
Have I of it grown weary,
Have I naught in its ruth?
To feel all it hath taken,
Of suffering little known:
"Why, why hast me forsaken,
Why leave me thus alone?"

BEHOLD HIM.

That ye with love behold Him,
I hold Him to your eye;
That ye to heart enfold Him,
I bring Him newly nigh:
The mighty to deliver,
The powerful to save;
The Christ, the sole life-giver,
The Son the Father gave.

To see His deep compassion,
In taking all your woe;
In suffering all the passion,
Ye have to undergo:
That one ye may be ever,
In heart and sympathy;
That one, aye one forever,
With Father, Son, you be.

The love His life revealeth,
In taking up His cross;
And what for you He feeleth,
In greatness of His loss:
His loss of ease and leisure,
Of what He only knew;
That give He you the pleasure,
Of it receiving too.

That on the cross a-dying,
A-dying there for you;
Ye see with no denying,
I bring Him in your view:
A-stretch His arms with pleading,
A-lift His face with love;
Is not He interceding,
For you with God above?

POEMS OF EASTER.

No Victory.

O grave! where, where thy cerements now?
What power hath rent them from thy brow?
Where now the captives to thy chain?
Thy seal, thy stately trappings vain:
No more thou know'st the crouching slave,
Thou hast no victory, boasting grave!

O grave! thou'rt vanquished in the fight!
In vain, in vain thy vaunted might!
As silken web thy withe is naught,
He's torn the terror from thy thought:
He's risen in power from thee to save,
Thou hast no victory, boasting grave!

O grave! this, this His glorious morn!
The vales in roseal hue adorn;
The shadows lift no more to shade,
The sunshine lights no more to fade;
His glory fills the rock-hewn cave,
Thou hast no victory, boasting grave!

Risen.

Hear my heart, the angel's story,
Joyous in its note of glory,
Swelling to the strain of gladness,
Knowing not the key of sadness:
"Risen, as He truly told you."

Hear it when the hearth is lonely,
For the loved ones save you only;
When life's reach looks long and dreary,
For the missing smile so cheery:
"Risen, as He truly told you."

Hear it in your hour of sorrow,
When the night is o'er the morrow,
When the sun is veiled in weeping,
When death's shade is o'er you creeping:
"Risen, as He truly told you."

Hear, my heart, an heir of glory,
By the angel's wondrous story;
Lost the power of grave to hold you,
Lo! your loved will soon behold you:
"Risen, as He truly told you."

THE STONE IS ROLLED AWAY.

Behold! behold! He cometh forth!
Death's shackles have no stay;
The Roman seal is nothing worth,
The stone is rolled away.

He's risen in majesty and power,
In glorious, glow array.
Rejoice, rejoice in this joy hour,
The stone is rolled away!

Night's gloom and glour illumed by light,
Will no more shadow day.
Death's terrors will no more affright,
The stone is rolled away.

He's risen anew in each sad heart,
That lets Him have full sway.
The sores of life no longer smart,
The stone is rolled away.

No more from death's dark stream we shrink,
 Nor fear to face its spray:
Christ comes to meet us at the brink,
 The stone is rolled away.

Hail, hail, our risen Saviour, hail!
 We give Thee greet today.
To joy Thou tunest sorrow's wail,
 The stone is rolled away.

MISSIONARY POEMS.

"O mother dear, pray tell me, tell me true,
If this is so; 'tis all so strange, so new."
"What do you hear, my child? I wish to know:
By gleaning some new truth we wiser grow."

"No caste in heaven; no difference shown 'twixt men
Of high and low degree. Why is it then,
We're taught to show such wide distinction here?
Why move we each within our narrow sphere?"

"Great Brahma taught as Hindoos all believe,
Should you think else 'twould make me sorely grieve,
Four classes great comprise the Indian race:
Priests, warriors, rulers, laborers, each in place.

"The priests or Brahmins keep each sacred book;
To them for churchly rites the people look:
The wisest of the wise in hidden lore,
What they know not, to know leaves nothing more.

"Should priest leave all to ship before the mast,
He sinneth not, he loses not his caste:
A privilege prized as granted only those,
Of hghest caste, for all he fully knows."

"Say, mother mine, why teach our priests so-so?
We may not sup or mix with those we know,
If not our class for fear of losing caste:
The days for teaching so are well nigh past.

"Have then the lower orders no just right?
I heard the strangest tale the other night:
A high caste man killed one of lower caste,
For merely touching him in walking past.

"O mother mine! the Christians teach not so;
Both high and low are equal here below:
The brotherhood of man they preach, they cry
As sinners all we only live to die."

"Hush, hush, my child, I will not hear thee more:
Forget it all, or darken not my door.
No child of mine shall with the Christians walk,
Or longer listen to such ranting talk."

CHINA.

She stands! she stands! with weary, waiting hands,
Outstretched so long. Who'll come to her support?
Who'll steer her course, or pilot her to port?
Our lives new patterns weave with her life strands:
Will we not help when she appealing stands?
For ages long she made no moan nor cry,
Nor knew her need till fertile fields went dry.
Shall we our neighbor love as God commands?

He's blazed a path to reach her stony heart,
By breaking down the barriers in the way:
He's waiting now for us to do our part.
Shall we not measure up to His full day,
By great ingathering to the Shepherd's fold,
Of starving, bleating sheep upon the wold?

Finland.

Do ye hear it in the northland,
In the homes along the strand,
In the famine-stricken vale,
In the little children's wail?
Dying for want of a crust.

Do ye hear it, O my brother!
In the moan of sister, mother,
In the twang of broken heart-string,
In the anguish of the parting?
Dying for want of a crust.

Do ye hear it in your plenty,
In the largess God but lent ye,
In the crying call of need,
In the starving mouths to feed?
Dying for want of a crust.

Will ye heed it now, my brother,
For the love ye bear each other,
For the Christ who died to save you,
For the gift of life He gave you?
Dying for want of a crust.

Constraining Love.

The day was drawing to a close;
A day of sweet, of calm repose,
In which our souls drew nearer God,
Whose name we love to honor, laud:
Wherein we heard His servant say,
In such a pleading, touching way,
"Will not Christ's love constrain you too?"

He drew a picture striking, new,
In glowing language fervid, true,
Of all God's wondrous love hath wrought;
The priceless gift to us it brought:
The sacrifice of three in one.
Then in a voice with tears o'errun,
"Will not Christ's love constrain you too?"

He told of one who left his all,
In answer to the Master's call,
To seek the lost in some far isle,
Away from home, from mother's smile,
To meet at last a savage death:
Then looking round he slowly saith,
"Will not Christ's love constrain you too?"

The near of kin no sooner heard,
Then all his heart was inly stirred,
To win such souls for his dear Lord;
To give them light from Christ's own Word:
Nor counted he his own life dear.
Then, then did we the preacher hear,
"Will not Christ's love constrain you too?"

The souls he won were many score,
Tho' some but hated him the more:
They sought his life by all device,
To lastly take it in a trice,
Whilst writing, "Lord, lay not this sin—"
Ah then! we heard the voice within,
"Will not Christ's love constrain you too?"

The Ministry of Hand.

To Mrs. Eugene Moissinac.

She passes through the opened door,
With heart of love full flowing o'er,
With footfall soft o'er noiseless floor,
The ministry of hand to give.

She comes with heart of cheer for greet,
With oil to bathe the weary feet,
With sympathy the sore to meet,
The ministry of hand to give.

She comes with balm for every ache,
With patient step for sick to take,
With sleeping potion for the wake,
The ministry of hand to give.

She comes with gift of fruit and flower,
With Christly word for dying hour,
With all the Holy Spirit's power,
The ministry of hand to give.

She comes to wipe the mourner's tear,
With faith to look above the bier,
With offices of love and cheer,
The ministry of hand to give.

No store of scholar's lore hath she,
No special gift that one can see,
But she hath this as all agree,
The ministry of hand to give.

Oh The Pity Of It.

Faint, still fainter falls the lisping peep,
Peep, peep, of the little starveling heap;
Mouths agape from early morn till eve,
Tiny aching hearts sorely aggrieve:

"Mamma, mamma," all the broken cry.
Will she hear them ere they droop and die?
Vainly call they. Oh, the pity of it!

See you ever sweeter, dearer nest?
Solely lined by love at love's behest:
Soft, and warm, and cosy all around,
Nowhere could a better home be found,
For the fluffy, downy little brood,
Waiting on the mamma for the food.
Vainly wait they. Oh, the pity of it!

Lady, you so tender-hearted, hear!
Can you wear the plume so costly, dear?
Kill the singers sent of God to you,
Break the home of love's devotion true,
For the foolish mandate fashion-set,
By such grievous cruelty beget?
Pay you such price? Oh, the pity of it!

Contrasts.

I look upon a bonny face,
Wrought in a mold of wondrous grace:
The thoughtful eye a shrine of prayer,
The fair, pure soul a-shining there.

I look into another face,
With something of a nameless grace:
The eye adroop with grief, despair,
As if somewhat were hidden there.

Since first they lisped the mother-name,
As for them both 'twas e'en the same,
They knelt at eve beside one cot,
In praiseful prayer for happy lot.

From beauteous child to blushing maid,
They walked adown life's flowery glade:
Nor thought to part in heaven above,
As heart to heart was knit in love.

As time flew by on golden wing,
It brought a change that time can bring:
No more they grew anear but part;
Lo! one had lost her treasure, heart.

To one who deemed it but a thing,
To use, abuse, then from him fling:
Nor recked he for the soil of soul,
If he but gain his passion's goal.

In making both God made them fair,
Stamping His purer image there:
Nor willed that aught should e'er efface,
In either one His mark of grace.

Who helped to change the face so fair?
Who put thereon the shame, despair?
Thy work, O man! naught will efface,
Thou hast o'ersinned thy day of grace.

The World For Christ.

He's waited long the centuries through,
Since us commissioning to do:
To preach the Gospel page by page,
Thro' every clime, in every age.
We can, we will, we do declare,
The world for Christ is now our prayer.

Our aim, our purpose, and our will,
The Lord's command to now fulfill;
To sacrifice if needs must be,
That all the world His love may see.
We can, we will, we do declare,
The world for Christ is now our prayer.

In this our generation, age;
Tho' it should all our powers engage;
To lift the cross so high to view,
Each one may see He loves me too.
We can, we will, we do declare,
The world for Christ is now our prayer.

POEMS OF COUNTRY.

Our Martyred Dead.

Dead! ah no! they've but fallen asleep;
Resting awhile with arms a-stack,
Ere climbing the mountain way steep:
Could you think they would stand aback?

They've mingled their gore in many a fight;
Bravely they've fought full well and long,
They've shouldered arms for God and right,
Ere now they've sung the victor's song.

The blue and gray are one today,
As we hallow their memory in song;
A flower-thought to strew the way,
Are lives that have righted the wrong.

The flower of life they've given to God,
In their service to fellow-man:
As fresh with flowers we grace their sod,
Shall we also do all we can?

The Stars and Stripes.

"Hath God forgot us, mamma, dear?
So dark, so very dark the night:
I've watched the clouds to see them clear,
But not a star as yet in sight.

"So many shown but yestereve,
I tried but could not count them all:
I thought He surely would not grieve,
His children either great or small."

"Nor will He ever, my dear child,
If thou dost learn to look aright;
Above the clouds the stars so mild,
Are shining through the darkest night.

" 'Twas in the eve of long ago,
When black the sky without a star;
When we knew not the way to go,
With danger threatening from afar.

"An infant was our nation then,
Emerging from the throes of war:
No ensign for the sword or pen,
Until our God gave us the star.

"Slow lifted all the pensile cloud,
To rift the blue in stripes apart:
Lo! shining there above the shroud,
A cluster-star to show His heart.

"The stars and stripes were so His gift,
The emblem of His greater love:
O'er us they wave to ever lift,
Our nation to the light above."

OLD SAINT PAUL'S CHAPEL.

(Written in the churchyard, New York, July 9th, 1904.)

A lofty spire still rears on high,
Its storied fane of brave;
'Tis consecrate by all that lie,
Low in its memoried grave:
All hallowed by a nation's grief,
All hallowed by her chief.

A shrine for every storm-tossed soul,
An altar for each cry;
For Washington his weekly goal,
A prayer to raise on high:
All hallowed by a nation's grief,
All hallowed by her chief.

To brave Montgomery, cenotaph,
His country here did raise;
That none a patriot's name might chaff,
Nor fail to sing his praise:
All hallowed by a nation's grief,
All hallowed by her chief.

It opens wide its friendly gate,
To bid the passer pause;
Nor think alone of earth's estate,
But of love's higher laws:
All hallowed by a nation's grief,
All hallowed by her chief.

Think of the heroes lying here,
Mingle with theirs your thought;
And twine around the well-known bier,
The purpose herein wrought:
All hallowed by a nation's grief,
All hallowed by her chief.

POEMS OF MEMORY.

Sonnets To Mother.

I.

Thy sweet, pure life a blessing held in store,
For all who touched its border-fringe of love:
Transmitting cheering beams from God above.
Its selfless beauty rare unfolded more
And more, like petals of a rose kissed o'er:
Nor glint of sun, nor gloom of storm could close,
To break the slender stalk and stem; it rose
Anew to shower its fragrance as before.
A life love-lived, love-lent at call,
Is memory's memorial, balmy and sweet;
Diffusing beams of light o'er sorrow's pall:
To cheer, console, and make us likewise meet,
To reap with thee the rich reward of all,
Who with their Lord, wash one another's feet.

II.

Its selflessness the purest pearl of life;
Whose limpid light reflected back thy Lord,
With whom thy life was in a close accord.
It tuned to harmony divine, the strife
Of untuned lives with jarring discords rife.
The noble kindly deed and gracious word,
Will long be loved as sweetest music heard,
By all who touched thy spheral whirl of life.
The hearth and home was freely shared with
those,
Who but for thy kind heart would else had none.
O mother-heart of selfless love, who chose
To live the self-denying life of one
Like to thy Lord's, thou art a Sharon rose,
And lily pure, to those with race to run.

FIRST BIRTHDAY IN HEAVEN.

To Mother.

The first and best of all thy birthdays dear,
Thou 'rt spending sweetly in yon heavenly sphere;
With thy loved ones safe garnered far and near:
Dost give a single thought to ones left here
Who miss thee so sorely today?

In raiment robed of stainless, spotless white,
Thy star-gemmed crown aglow with glittering light,
So free from pain, from care, from this world's blight,
Thy happy state our comfort, our delight,
Else we had greatly grieved today.

At last thou seest face to face we trow,
The radiant fair One whom thou lovedst so,
When thou didst walk with Him by faith below:
Thou'lt come with Him to ope the gates we know,
When He shall send for us some day.

TO MOTHER.

A year ago thou wingest,
Thy flight to heaven's sphere:
Today thou sweetly singest,
The joyous song of cheer.

'Twas in the folded sepal,
Of vernal's budding bloom,
Thou burst the shell of mortal,
For spirit's larger room.

I see thee now victorious,
O'er ills we mortals share;
Thy voice rings out in chorus,
With martyred spirits there.

I list to hear the music,
So joyant is the strain;
The echo of the lyric,
Wafts back the sweet refrain:

All hail to Christ Emanuel,
To Saviour, Lamb of God!
The glorious glad evangel,
Of souls with blood o'ershod.

Little Marjorie.

An angel spirit heaven-lent,
So bright, so pure, so rare,
She nestled in our inmost heart,
To make it light as air:
Our little Marjorie fair.

Too soon the gates of pearl turned back,
She could not tarry here;
For He knew best who loved her most,
In taking from our sphere,
Our little Marjorie dear.

In raiment white before the throne,
She waits till we appear.
The day is spent; the night is near:
Soon, soon she'll hear our voices clear,
We're coming, Marjorie, dear.

Gertrude.

Here in the bloom of beauty,
 Here in the glow of morn,
 Here to our hearts adorn:
Now to incite to duty.

Sweet as the fragrant lily,
 Fresh as the new blown rose,
 Dear to the day's soft close,
Was one we spare so illy.

Straight from the heavenly city,
 Pure as the drop of snow,
 Free from the taint, the blow,
She came with heart of pity.

Bringing a love so cheery,
 To heal the bruise, the smart,
 To bind the broken heart,
She changed the life so dreary.

To newly teach the story,
 First heard in heaven above,
 The story sweet of love:
To sing with her in glory.

Of Mrs. William H. Mason.

She left a precious memory,
 Which lingers with us still:
The Christ-like martyr-spirit,
 Of those who do His will.

So bright the Spirit's presence,
We scarcely could perceive,
The suffering of the body,
Which oft did make us grieve.

We breathed the air of heaven,
When in her presence dear;
We deemed her ripe for glory,
Before she left us here.

She's with the saints in glory,
In blood-washed raiment white:
No more the cross of suffering,
But radiant crown of light.

OUR MAY—MISS MAY LAUGHLIN.

From merry, laughing childhood,
She was our pride and joy;
E'en when she came to maidenhood,
Our pride knew no alloy.

Her sweet unselfish spirit,
Grew with the passing years;
No earthly home could shrine it,
Within this vale of tears.

Her call to higher service,
Than she could render here,
Left to our hearts the office,
And ministry of cheer.

Tho' far beyond our mortal ken,
We see by faith's clear light,
Her lovely radiant form again,
Before the throne in white.

She looks for our appearing,
For it is growing late;
The day is disappearing,
We'll soon be at the gate.

Know we the only password,
That turns the gates of pearl?
Her Captain's word our watchword?
Do we His flag unfurl?

OF MRS. CHAUNCEY BARTHOLOMEW.

As daughter, sister, mother,
So faithful, fond and true;
She was a loved companion,
Thro' years of varied hue.

Her wise and tender counsels,
Kept in the narrow way,
The wandering, wavering footsteps,
So apt to go astray.

Her life like precious ointment,
Poured on the Saviour's feet,
When broken for her Master,
Made life for others sweet,

Its rare and lovely perfume,
Like sweetest mignonette,
Filled all our life with fragrance,
Whose odor lingers yet.

Her last faint words a whispered prayer;
For pardon was its plea:
"Forgive, O Lord, what Thy pure eye,
Hath seen amiss in me."

The Saviour heard and answered,
 His dear child's plea for grace:
His angels quickly bore her,
 To heaven her native place.

Of Sister Ella.

To see her was to love her,
 So sweet the sunlit face:
So given to deeds of kindness,
 So filled with heavenly grace.

Her days were spent in serving,
 The Master here below:
With true and rare devotion,
 As all who loved her, know.

When called to the vale of suffering,
 And shadow here below,
Her faith but rose the higher,
 For the fierceness of the blow.

"She being dead yet speaketh,"
 To those who knew her here:
To follow the Saviour's footsteps,
 And serve Him with godly fear.

Of Mrs. Blodgett.

Here with us but yesterday;
 In the fulness of its strength,
 In the brightness of its length:
Now she's resting by the way.

Here to give the word of cheer,
In the battle of this life;
In the hour of heated strife:
Now she hears the word so dear,

"Child, ye did it unto me,
In the doing of my word;
In the life so sweetly heard:
Now she hears the word so dear,

"Blest as only I can bless;
In the giving of my love,
In the joy we share above:
I can do for thee no less."

READY TO GO—MR. ISDELL.

Read at his funeral by Rev. W. C. Wilbor, D. D., Ph. D.

Ready? yea, ready to go:
Full of good works for his dear Lord,
Loving to hear the open word,
Keeping his life in close accord:
Ready to join the triumphant throng,
Lifting his voice to swell the song,
Knowing the note from use o'erlong:
Ready? yea, ready to go.

Ready? yea, ready to go:
Ready to meet his loved of yore,
Who wait to greet him as before;
Standing beside the wide oped door:
Ready to answer the Master's call,
Ready to yield his life, his all;
Knowing but good shall him befall:
Ready? yea, ready to go:

Ready? yea, ready to go:
Angels await the coming feet,
Smiling with joy his soul to meet;
Ready the Lord to give him greet,
To yield the crown for crosses borne,
The oil of joy for spirit torn
The victor's palm for thorns upborne:
Ready? yea, ready to go.

Home At Last.

Home at last to the heavenly hills,
 Above the vapors of the vale;
Above the storms, the crying ills,
 Passed as a cloud beyond their pale:
To revel in the glad sunlight,
 To joy anew in glow of health,
To no more know the darkling night,
 But morn's exuberant store of wealth.

Home at last in the mansions fair,
 Prepared by all a Saviour's love;
With loved of yore awaiting there,
 To greet as those but greet above:
"No more the lonely hour for you,
 The rough, the ruggged path no more;
To all the good you've been so true,
 Christ hath but cheer for you in store."

Home at last to the heights of love,
 Serene as halcyon blue and pure;
Purged from the dross of doubt, thereof
From fickle winds the most secure:
 To know the how and wherefore now,
Of love too great to understand:
To no more know the clouded brow,
 Of grief too great at times to stand.

Home at last to the heavenly rest,
 Free from the fretting care of day;
Out of the sorry night's unrest,
 To morn's resplendent light alway:
Lifted the load of daily toil,
 Rested the way-worn weary frame,
Folded the hands o'er wearing moil,
 To enter into love's new name.

Index of First Lines.

A

A lofty spire still rears on high....270
A Light amid the darkness, He....163
A Heart unselfish give me, Lord....105
A bit of drift no more ye say..... 35
A day of quiet sweet repose..... 20
A Year ago thou wingest.....276
A light is breaking o'er the lea.... 80
A Paper Mister? This my last..... 42
An Angel spirit heaven-lent.....277
An angel waits with bated breath..186
An angel waits just out the door.... 37
As daughter, sister, mother.....280
As sweet the dew refresheth flower..186
As the breath of the first fresh air..170
As I've loved you." Soft breathed the word 183
At last he cometh to his own.....173
Are the children in? Have they heard the call.....237
At last, yea, I have come at last..144
Art thou oppressed, O weary one..198
Art thou waiting, stilly waiting....225
Ask, ask of me, ye troubled heart..220
After trusting comes the waiting...149
After toiling comes the resting.....146
Alone not so, my heart, if Christ is here 70
Awake, awake, fresh courage take..219
Awake my vision, Lord, awake.....107
Adown the ages swells the strain..241
Accounted worthy am I, Lord..... 63

B

Be not anxious for the morrow....115
Be merciful to me, O God..... 95
Back to the Word and its story....231
Bear thy cross patiently..... 24
"Bear ye one another's burdens"...230
Blow, Trumpeter, O loudly blow... 15
Break on my stony heart, O break..105
Before all else give truth, O Lord.. 92
Behold, behold, He cometh forth...254
Behold that jeering, hooting mob.. 23
Bearing about am I..... 72
Burning with fever and racked with pain 11
Beauteous the land of blessing.....206

C

Chill droops the morn in pensile mist 84
Chirrup, chirrup, O birdie mine.... 48
Cold blows the wind and chill.....160
Com'st thou near or from afar..... 39
Come to my heart, sweet Friend as Thou cam'st in the hour of birth.102
Come lean upon my breast tonight.. 54
Come into my garden, come in I pray 47
Clouds as thick darkness o'er me roll 93
Cease, cease, O Earth, your jarring strife 132
Coming are they to the altar..... 78
Commune with me along the way..106
Come here, my child, I fain would say 236

D

Do ye hear it in the northland....261
Dost see yon man adown the street 9
Dark, dark the clouds in heaven's scroll 194
Dead, ah no, they've but fallen asleep 269
Drifting, whither art thou drifting..177

E

Extend to me Thy hand, O Lord.. 97
Enfolded in the sheltering arms... 87
Entreat me not to leave Thee, Lord.102
Ethereal as an angel's wing.....173
Ethereal spirit, brightest of the host.217

F

For the darkness of the night, I have chosen for a light..... 66
Fair as the morn, is my love so fair.167
Flee as a bird, O driven soul.....185
Fear, fear thou not, O trembling heart 69
Faint, still fainter falls the lisping peep 263
From out the blackness of the night.174
From merry, laughing childhood...279
Flutter not so, flutter not so.....134

H

He is coming! He is coming.....164
He came to me when far away.... 62
He appointeth my path, O comforting thought 140
He's waited long the centuries through 265
He holds so close I feel His heart.. 80
Had I ne'er read it in His book.... 29
Hath the feet grown all too weary.. 66
His parting promise is so dear.....197
Hold up the hands with prayer....232
How hast thou spent the day, my soul 55
How redolent Thy love, O Lord....168
How beautiful, how beautiful.....169
How sweet to me Thy will, O Lord. 79

Hath the way grown dark and dreary 163
Hath God forgot us, mamma dear..269
Hast Thou a blessing too for me... 97
Hast come, O Peace, to earth at last 242
Hast thou prayed so oft, my soul.. 96
Hast come to places hard of the road 133
Hast sought the truth this day, my soul 135
Hadst Thou nowhere to lay Thy head 169
Have I Thee crucified, dear Lord.. 74
Have ye heard of Him, the mighty..230
Have ye come to the crown of the cross 233
Here in the bloom of beauty.....278
Here with us but yesterday.....281
Here in the flesh, in body here....179
Hear ye with precious memories.... 42
Hear, my heart, the angel story....253
Help me to be unworldly, Lord, as Thou 25
Help me in overcoming, Lord.....108
Hope thou in God, O soul distressed 188
Heart of infinite pity, hear.....109
Home at last to the heavenly hills..283
Happy where'er He places me.....163
Hallow Thy Sabbaths in our heart. 93

I

I look upon a bonny face.....264
I love you, mamma, mamma, dear..159
I no more fear His blessed will....140
I shall go home some day.....148
I am Thy little child, O Lord..... 99
I will arise and go to Thee.....196
I dreamed a dream that troubled me 71
I con its pages o'er and o'er..... 16
I see the old house as of yore....176
I weary Thee full oft, dear Lord..158
I softly woke this beauteous morn.. 30
I know not when the morn may break 158
I know not how or when or where.. 62
I am looking at thy sorrow..... 64
I dreamed a dream so sweet, so fair. 64
I feel, I feel within me..... 73
I hear a soft voice saying..... 33
I had not known Thee, Lord..... 83
I would give all, yea all I have....203
I am waiting in the morning..... 86
I heard a still voice saying.....202
If trouble's near, Thou nearer art.. 53
If thou wilt trust the Lord thy God.162
If in the morn without a cloud....147
I'm listening in the silence, Lord..100
I'm happy if I see the light..... 72
In an upper chamber gathered.....226
In the mist of the twilight gray.... 34
In clearer vision of the night..... 13
In softest whisper came the thought 26
In, in thy Lord's own hand.....156
In the flush of morning fair.....141
In the Father's house will ye feel at home 224
In Thee, O Lord, I've found the friend 57
In the darkest day there ariseth....149
In wondrous vision of the night...125
In the shadow of Thy wings let me rest 111
It is coming, it is coming, the time is hastening fast.....151
It shall be light about thee.....223
It came so softly, sweetly came.... 22
It touches to the quick, Lord..... 74
I'll leave it all with Jesus..... 85
It's no use talking longer..... 12
Increase my thirst for Thee, O Lord 107

J

Just over the rim of the lining.....139
Jehovah-jireh great I am.....101

K

Keep, keep my heart from straying..110

L

Lay me low, sister, lay me low.... 45
Let me not from Thee ever stray away 91
List, list, to their sweet chiming....241
Life is what we mostly make it....175
Look up, look up to Jesus.....227
Look, ye, look ye upon it.....247
Look at them crowding you front and fore 10

M

"My peace I leave with you tonight.191
My heart is yearning o'er you, child. 26
Make haste, my child, prepare the room 187
Mourners of Israel, rejoice..... 14

N

No fretted vault nor cloister green..211
"No good thing will He withhold me" 191
Now, now I see thee as of yore.... 21
"Now I lay me," she would say.... 43
Not my will, Lord, but Thine be done 76
"Nothing," yet in it much for me..194
Nestling in a quiet valley.....205

O

O mother, dear, pray tell me, tell me true 259
O grave where, where thy cerements now 253
O sweet the thought to me this night 55
O great the love beyond compare.. 60
O trust in Him, ye people all....161
O happy ye that do His work....218
O of good courage be, my heart...189
O comfort ye, His people all....219
Oh, the weight of sin that grieves me 67
O'er moor and meadow, reedy fen.243
Out of His word it came this morn.200
Out of the depths my prayer ascends 192
Open Thine hand, O Lord, to me.. 98
Open to me Thy word, O Lord....106
Only a day at a time....199

P

Peace, peace be still, ye angry waves 193
"Peace, I leave with you." For me..195

Q

Quicken me in Thy truth, O Lord.. 96

R

Rise up, my love, my fair one, come away 234
Ready? yea, ready to go....282
Recall my thought from earthly things 109
Resting, I am resting now.... 81
Resting in the love of Jesus....150
Receive ye Him and ye receive Christ's gift 231
Robbed of their childhood, robbed of their health 41

S

So live that no tomorrow may be darker for the day....221
So near, nearer Thou couldst not be 168
So round, so hoar, so pure a thing.. 40
So sweetly nigh art Thou, dear Lord 53
So oft this precious promise comes 58
Sad of heart and sore discouraged..124
See, See, oh see my little child....222
She came to me arrayed in woe.... 61
She sailed away that pleasant day.. 46
She passes through the opened door.263
She left a precious memory....278
She stands! She stands with weary waiting hands 260
"Seek ye first my heavenly kingdom" 188
Some thought of Thee, give me, O Lord 110
Soft and softer fell the sobbing....200
"Show us the Father:" we would see His face....204
Sing to me softly, mother.... 86
Star of the eve, rise in my night....104
Shall I recall it by and by.... 56
Sitting one day in the chancel.... 32
Sealed unto God, His honor and might 127
Suffer to be strong....223
Sweeter than lily of the morn....167

T

To forgive is to forget....202
To see her was to love her....281
The first and best of all thy birthdays, dear 276
The day was drawing to a close....261
The even shall be light with Thee..157
"The Lord my shepherd is:" nor shall I want....201
The glowing orb of day in glowing hue 144
The mist of night o'erveils the light.193
The cross, the cross uplifteth....145
The nearness to the Father give.... 94
The day may be dark and dreary...175
The sorrow of the heart a-sore....178
The light is breaking on the farther shore 81
"'Tis sleeting tonight and the wind is chill" 10
Tho' e'er its portion, strength is God 68
Tho' call He in the furnace.... 38
Thy sweet, pure life a blessing held in store 275
Thy face, Thy grief stained face...247
Thy day is all my strength....145
Thy light hath led my way....146
Thy promises how rich they are.... 61
Two hearts akin in human aims.... 33
That ye with love behold Him.....248
This, this is all my soul's desire....131
This is the way, O child of love...229
Think of her purely, ye men of the street 44
Thou wilt not leave me ever, Lord..161
Thou knowest, Lord, what want I more 155
Thou art, O Lord, the only life....100
Thou'rt ever with me, Lord.... 83
Thou'rt come to the mount, the mount on high.... 24
Thou'lt keep, O Lord, the trusting heart 157

Tried in the balance and wanting.. 73
Those women few thrice in the day. 28
Troubled was I on every side.....184

U

Unto me in pleasant places..... 65

W

We humbly bow before Thy throne, O Lord 190
We met for but a moment, briefest span 16
We laid them on the sofest breast.. 18
We keep together day by day..... 59
Why art thou grieving so, my soul.. 69
Why will ye for the morrow take..228
Why wilt thou woo another love...234
Why art thou grieving so, dear heart 220
What is a mother, mamma dear... 45
What a mine of hidden meaning...119
What are you doing, my brother...225
What meaneth this, this I see.....125
What it is like I know not what... 31
What is He to me? The Holy One 78
What would ye do for me.....228
What aileth you, my dear, dear child 235
When the shadows shunt the ray....155
When break the angry waves o'er all my bark.....190
When I'm a-faint and weary.....183
When all my wishes come to naught 60
When troublous hath my spirit grown 75
When my desire is not as His..... 77
When father heats his metal, cools it new 126
When wilt Thou comfort me, dear Lord 82
What of the prayer-list, Christian..235
Walk, walk by faith alone, my child.139
Walk softly 36
Whir-whir, whir-whir, a-winging one a-whir 92
Worn and weary I was listening..123
Where the ensign of freedom from shore unto shore..... 49
Where briers thick and thorns of field 142
Would you know, would you know it, my heart.....131
Within Thy court I lowly kneel....111
Wrapped in the arms of tenderest love 77

Y

Ye found me weary, faint, alone.... 19
"Yet lackest thou one thing," I know 36
You've wafted heaven's breath to me 39

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 939 373 2